

TERMS FOR GERMANY: FOOD CHIEF AND FOOD

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

No. 4,794.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1919

[16 PAGES.]

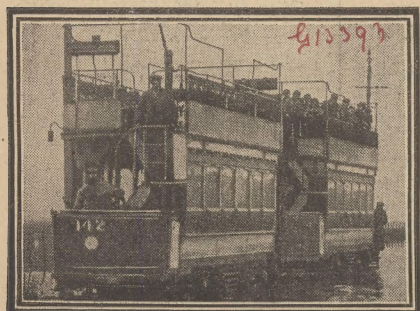
One Penny.

HELD BY BRANCH.



A difficult job awaits the mechanics who solve this aeroplane. A branch keeps it in position.

THE EVERLASTING RAIN.



Two tramway-cars which were held up in Raynes Park-road yesterday as the result of the floods.

DUCHESS' DAUGHTER WEDS TO-DAY



Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower, the bride-elect.



Viscount Ednam, the bridegroom-elect.



Hon. Imogen Grenfell.



Lady Honor Ward.



Hon. Monica Grenfell.



Miss Rose Bingham.



The Master of Lovat.

To-day Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower, daughter of Millicent Duchess of Sutherland, will be married to Viscount Ednam, M.C., the Earl of Dudley's heir, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Above are four of the bridesmaids and the Master of Lovat, page. Gifts have been received from Queen Alexandra, the Prince of Wales and Princess Victoria.

DE VUELLE TO GO FOR TRIAL

New Evidence in the Drug Drama.

BAIL GRANTED.

Dr. Stuart and Box of Trional in Miss Carleton's Room.

New evidence marked the proceedings at Bow-street yesterday against Reginald de Veuille, who is charged with the manslaughter of Billie Carleton, the actress.

De Veuille, who was also charged with conspiring with Mrs. Lo Ping You, the Scottish wife of a Chinaman living at Limehouse, to procure a large quantity of cocaine, was committed for trial.

At the opening of the hearing Mr. Garrett, the magistrate, said that there had been some criticism as to the length of the proceedings. He wondered whether they could be shortened at all.

De Veuille was neatly dressed in a black suit. The court was again crowded.

THE BOX OF TRIONAL.

Dr. Stuart Explains Why He Took It—"A Stock of My Own."

Dr. Stuart said he saw the box of trional in Miss Carleton's room after her death. He opened it once to see if any of the cachets were gone and then put the box in his pocket. He did that because it was his property, and he did not want anyone else to take it.

Mr. Jenkins (for De Veuille): But you had given them to Miss Billie Carleton?

Witness: No; it was a stock box of my own. I had not given the lot to her. I had left it with her.

Mr. Jenkins: For her to take. And that was giving them to her. Are you really drawing a distinction between giving and lending these cachets?—Yes, I said.

Witness explained that as chemists would not now open late at night, he left her that box from his own stock instead of her having to wait until the next morning. He got that particular box from Knightrider.

Witness said he did not remember Dr. Hamerton coming into the room and referring to the veronal and saying, "It must be found." He was not there at the time.

Mr. Jenkins: Dr. Hamerton says you were.

Witness: His memory is not quite clear on the point. He was mistaken.

PAYMENTS FOR MISS CARLETON.

You made a number of payments for Miss Billie Carleton. What sort of sums?—Sometimes £50 or £100. I don't think there were any less than £20. I distributed the money on her behalf. Anything she asked me—telephones, Savoy Hotel and tradespeople, etc.

Was she incapable of doing it herself?—No; but she was forgetful. I did it for her as a friend.

"SAMPIGITIS."

Questions About an Operation—Miss Longfellow's Story.

"I am sorry to have to ask you this question, Dr. Stuart," said counsel, "but are you aware Miss Carleton had undergone some operation?"

"Not lately," answered witness.

But she had, of a private nature?—Yes, she had operations for sampigitis.

She was a very great cigarette smoker?—Yes, very heavy. I always tried to cure her of it.

Sir Richard Muir (for the prosecution): The operation was performed by a surgeon at Berkeley-square probably more than a year before Miss Carleton's death. She had previously had an operation for the same trouble performed by the same surgeon.

Miss Malvina Longfellow said that the manicure incident she referred to in her evidence took place in October. De Veuille and Miss Carleton had been talking about drugs that day, and she (the witness) had expressed strong views against the habit of drug-taking.

When De Veuille took up the manicure instrument he put something on it and took a long sniff. Miss Carleton then took a sniff and immediately afterwards she began to play about and try on hats.

BELCHER'S EVIDENCE.

"Bought and Sold Cocaine at a Profit"—The "Thirteenth Chair."

Lionel Belcher, cinema actor, said that he never purchased any cocaine for the accused with the intention that it should be given to Miss Carleton, any as far as he knew, De Veuille never gave her any.

Mr. Jenkins: When was the last time previous to the Victory Ball that you were in possession of any drug?—November 27, the day of the ball.

Was that drug cocaine?—I was.

Were you in possession of any other drug?—A very small quantity of heroin.

I want to draw your attention to something you have sworn in this court. You said that

you asked De Veuille if he had given Miss Carleton any cocaine, and he made no reply. I put it to you that he denied giving her any?—No, he made no reply.

Your first evidence before the coroner was untrue, was it not?—That's quite right.

Why did you tell the coroner what was deliberately untrue?—I had already said that was to shield De Veuille. I did not know whether he was to blame or not.

Mr. Huntly Jenkins: But you wanted to keep out of trouble yourself, didn't you?—Certainly. And you knew that if it came out that you were trafficking in drugs you stood a very good chance of getting into trouble, didn't you?—A certain amount of trouble, yes.

That is the real reason, is it not, why you first told the coroner what you now admit is untrue, and then told another story which you say is true?—No, it is not. My conscience is quite clear. I realised I was in a peculiar position.

The position that you wanted was to be in the witness-box instead of having a chance of being in the dock, is it not?—No, it is not. Do you really mean it?—I do mean it.

(Continued on page 4.)

GAOL FOR FILM MANAGER.

Denial That He Used Money Entrusted to Him.

Sentence of six weeks' imprisonment in the second division was passed at the Old Bailey yesterday upon Roscoe Charles Spurrin, film manager, for forging cheques with intent to defraud and converting to his own use £805 entrusted to him by Sir Jesse Boot for the production of a film entitled "Hercules of the South."

Addressing the Judge, Spurrin declared that he never had any of the money, but devoted the whole of it to the production of the film.

ALL'S WELL WITH 'TIGER.'

X-Ray Examination Shows That the Bullet Has Not Shifted.

Paris, Friday. A further X-ray examination was made yesterday on M. Clemenceau.

It showed that the bullet remains in the same place, and the doctors are quite satisfied with the condition of their distinguished patient. The railway saloon carriage in which M. Clemenceau travels was broken into by a gang of thieves the other night and stripped of its furniture, as well as some personal belongings of the Premier.—Exchange.

Paris, Friday. The anarchist Contant, manager of the *Liberateur*, arrested after the attempt on M. Clemenceau, has been put in the division of political prisoners, and has consequently brought to an end the hunger strike in which he had persisted for six days.—Exchange.

Paris, Friday. M. Clemenceau conferred this morning with Mr. Lloyd George and Colonel House.

Subsequently he received the Queen of Rumania.—Reuter.

BOLSHEVIST BRAINS.

Artists and Authors To Be Mobilised by Lenin's Government.

STOCKHOLM, Thursday (received yesterday). A Petrograd telegram reports that a new law is being prepared by the Bolshevik Government embodying a decree that all persons exercising the professions of art must work for the Government.

All "specialists"—even authors, the telegram says—will be mobilised, their work being considered national property.—Reuter.

NEW YORK, Friday. Miss Beatty, magazine editor and relative of Admiral Beatty, in giving evidence before a Committee of Senators yesterday on labour and social movements, urged that a fair trial should be given to Bolshevism—but that it should be confined to Russia only. Wireless Press.

MEN WHO TOOK MAUBEUGE

French Town's Graceful Tribute to the British Guards.

With the departure to-day of the last battalion of Coldstreamers the Guards say farewell to Cologne, and "the young Guard" will soon step into their place, wired Mr. Beach Thomas yesterday.

A graceful farewell compliment has just been paid the Guards by the Mayor of Maubeuge, who presented with all ceremony on behalf of the citizens of the town a gold and embroidered flag as a thanksgiving for the Guards' retaking of the town from the Hun, on November 9 last.

The Mayor contrasted the appearance of the streets of Cologne, and the orderly politeness of the British soldier with the Hun robbery and bullying that ruined the town of Maubeuge during its four years of enemy occupation.

Cologne under the British continues to wear a singularly peaceful and prosperous appearance that suggests neither defeat nor poverty.

DECREE FOR CAPTAIN.

Army Officer's Story of Leaving Wife in America.

COUNTESS' DIVORCE SUIT.

A decree nisi was yesterday granted to Leslie Chatfield, a captain in the Army, on the ground of the misconduct of his wife, Charlotte Josephine, and Mr. Robert Evert. There was no defence.

Captain Chatfield said he was married on February 4, 1911. Afterwards he and his wife went to America, where they made the acquaintance of co-respondent. In August, 1915, witness returned to this country to join up, leaving his wife in America.

In 1916 he had an accident in camp, and on his recovery went to France. In 1918 information reached him and he filed a petition for divorce.

Counsel: Were you ordered to France, and was your wife ill?—Yes, she had had a serious operation.

In consequence, did you drop the proceedings and give her another chance?—Yes. Towards the end of 1918, however, witness said he obtained further information, and started the present proceedings.

A decree nisi was granted to Alice Countess de Montagu because of the desertion and misconduct of her husband, Count Rene Pierre A. M. J. de Montagu, who did not appear.

The Countess said she was married on November 11, 1914, in New Zealand, where they lived until March, 1915, when he came to Europe.

She joined him at Streatham in 1916, and continued to live with him until 1918, when he left her. In October, 1918, she obtained a decree of judicial separation, and her husband had never returned.

Evidence was given that the Count lived at Tower House Park Village, West Regent's Park, with a lady who passed as the countess.

LADY MAUDE'S PENSION.

£500 a Year Due "as a Right" in Addition to £25,000 Grant.

The report of the Comptroller and Auditor-General on the Appropriation Account of the Ministry of Pensions makes reference to the case of Lady Maude, the widow of General Maude, the hero of the Mesopotamia Expedition.

The auditor's attention had been drawn to a pension of £500 a year awarded to her in addition to a parliamentary grant of £25,000 subsequently made.

"As there appeared to be no precedent for the award of both pension and parliamentary grant to the widow of a deceased officer," he writes, "I inquired of the Treasury whether approval had been given to the arrangements which had been made in this case."

"In reply it was stated that the Treasury were appraised at the time of the Minister's intention to award this pension and of his opinion that it was due as a right under the Royal Warrant, and in these circumstances it was not considered necessary to question this opinion."

MRS. HOPE OF LUFFNESS.

Scottish Court Grants Postponement of Case Against Her.

Counsel for Mrs. Hope, of Luffness, appeared at the Court of Session, Edinburgh, yesterday and asked for postponement of the proof which had been fixed for Tuesday next in the petition brought against her.

The petitioners were the Earl of Stanhope and others, trustees of the late Colonel Hope, of Luffness, who asked that the Court remove his two children from the guardianship of Mrs. Hope, their mother, and to appoint a new guardian.

The postponement was asked for on account of the state of Mrs. Hope's health, and a medical certificate was produced.

Counsel for the trustees opposed the motion, pointing out that if it were granted they would have the interregnum of the spring vacation and delay was to be deprecated.

The Court granted the motion for postponement.

PRIZES OF WAR.

Each Country Should Have Share of Hun Navy.

PARIS, Thursday. Speaking before the Marine Commission of the Senate, M. Leygues, Minister of Marine, stated that the proposal to destroy the German warships could not be accepted.

Those units of the fleet which are interned at Scapa Flow represented prizes of war, which must be distributed among all the Allies, each country being free to dispose of its share as it liked.—Exchange.

COMMANDER'S STRANGE DEATH.

Commander Guy Forbes Parsons, H.M.S. *Nigella*, was discovered yesterday lying in the dock at Portsmouth Dockyard seriously injured. He was removed to H.M.S. *Terrible*, and died later in the day.

MORE ABOUT RHYL CAMP OUTBREAK.

Red Flag That Was Soon Followed by White.

"BOLSHEVIST BOASTS."

From Our Own Correspondent.

RHYL, Friday.

A few Russian Canadians, amongst whom, it is stated, there was undoubtedly a spirit of Bolshevism, were the leading spirits in the outbreak at Kinnel Park, Rhyll.

The leaders have been arrested and removed under armed escort, while others who took part in the emeute have been transferred elsewhere. All is now quiet.

The mutineers, it appears, advanced at the onset of the rising in extended order, with the Red Flag flying, but when the loyal troops opened fire the White Flag was quickly hoisted, and many men immediately surrendered.

The Record Office was first attacked, and the loyal soldiers were ready for the mutineers, but it is a question as to who fired the first shot, and it is stated that the defenders fired the first shots, four of the attackers dropping dead at the volley.

A fifth man, talking to some friends some distance from the scene, was hit and killed by a stray bullet.

SOME HOURS' FIGHTING.

The riots continued for several hours, all the stores were raided, and many private shops outside the camps were gutted. The men did not damage the Church Army Hut or the Salvation Army quarters, saying they had been treated well by both.

The men went to Rhyll and tried to start a disturbance there, but were promptly placed under arrest.

In all twenty-four men are under treatment in the hospital.

The Flintshire Coroner formally opened the inquest yesterday.

It is calculated that the damage done will amount to many thousands of pounds.

Apart from the alleged grievance that they were not being repatriated quickly enough, it is also stated that the men were overcharged for various things. The Bolshevist elements took advantage of this dissatisfaction.

The Rhyll people have done all they can to make the Canadians feel at home, and until now the men have behaved well.

Some of the men who came into the town after the mutiny and boasted of being Bolshevists were promptly arrested.

BOY SENTRY KILLED.

Another message says the total casualties are now given as five killed and twenty-one wounded, but that an officer V.C. was killed is not confirmed.

Numbers of the arrested mutineers, amongst whom is the supposed leader, a Russian, and a self-declared Bolshevist, have been sent to Wandsworth.

A boy sentry was on guard at one part of the camp, when the mad mob came rushing up.

Laying down his rifle and bayonet, he called out, "Halt! Who goes there?" The reply came in the form of a bullet from a revolver, and the unfortunate young soldier dropped dead at his post, shot through the head.

CANTEEN WRECKED.

Walter Slater, canteen manager at Witley Camp, was fined £10 at Guildford yesterday for selling for profit cigarettes issued by the Government.

By an arrangement the cigarettes are issued to the Canadian troops free of duty, but Slater purchased large quantities and sold them at ordinary prices.

The soldiers, thinking the authorities were cheating them, wrecked the canteen, and the officer commanding was assaulted when he tried to quell the disturbance, and had to be taken to hospital.

LEAVE TRAIN SMASH.

Cause of Disaster Due to Defective German Wagon.

PARIS, Friday. A telegram from Amiens states that seven more dead bodies of British soldiers have been found on the scene of the railway disaster at Famechon.

Many of the injured are in a critical condition. Inquiry shows that the wagon on which the coupling broke is a German one recently brought into use on the French railway after being examined and passed by the Inter-Allied Commission.—Exchange.

The inquiry into the cause of the disaster showed that the driver of the second train had already entered the tunnel when he saw the rear light of the first train approaching him, says Reuter.

He managed to reverse steam and stop his engine, thus reducing the violence of the collision.

While a German prisoner of war, Rex Paul, was being conveyed by train from Doncaster yesterday he jumped out of the carriage and made good his escape.

PREMIER'S STIFFER ARMAMENT TERMS FOR HUNS

FAMINE SPECTRE OVER EUROPE.

"We Must Intervene to Prevent Disaster."

FOOD CHIEF'S WARNING.

"Food must be got for starving Europe in time to prevent a disaster."

"Famine prevails in Rumania, Serbia, Austria and Germany."

This grave statement was made by the Food Minister, Mr. G. H. Roberts, M.P., at Newcastle, yesterday.

"Ever since the armistice was signed the Allies have been doing what they could to relieve the situation, and food has been, or is being, sent to all these countries; but it is not enough, and the question now arises whether we shall be able to get sufficient food to those countries in time to prevent a catastrophe."

WE MUST HELP.

"The Supreme Economic Council in Paris, of which I have just been made a member, is straining every nerve to meet the situation."

"I am going over to Paris on Monday to attend meetings of this Council, and I pray it may be possible for us to concert such emergency measures as may stave off impending disaster."

"Clearly we cannot complacently watch Europe starving and feed ourselves to the full. That is not the spirit of this nation, which through unselfishness won the war. We are going to help."

"As soon as people here realise the appalling seriousness of the situation which is developing in Europe they will be the first to call upon the Government to intervene."

THE BRITISH ARMY OF THE RHINE.

To Be Composed of One Cavalry and Ten Infantry Divisions.

Last night the Secretary for War officially announced the composition of the Army of the Rhine. It will be comprised mainly as follows:

Cavalry.—One division composed of three Dragon Guards' regiments, two of Dragoons, three of Lancers and three of Hussars.

Infantry.—Ten divisions—viz., Highland, Lowland, Lancashire, Western, Northern, Midland, Southern, Eastern, London and Light.

Royal Air Force.—Thirty-two squadrons and one night, six wing headquarters, one balloon wing, five balloon companies, twelve balloon sections and three aircraft parks.

Tanks.—One group of two brigades of six battalions.

Artillery.—R.H.A., one brigade; R.F.A., thirty brigades; R.G.A., twenty brigades, ten super-heavy batteries and five anti-aircraft batteries.

There will, of course, also be the customary other units and formations, with full ambulance, hospital and medical services.

FINLAND'S KING?

According to the Finnish papers the crown of Finland is most likely to be offered to Prince Axel of Denmark.

A few months ago he returned from a long visit to England and America.

The visit of M. Man-nerheim to Copenhagen is said to be connected with the appointment of the new King.—Exchange.

THAT "BOLSHY" PRAISE.

COPENHAGEN, Friday. Heilborn, the former Swedish Consul-General at Moscow, arrived at Helsingfors a few days ago and caused much surprise when he said the Bolshevist conditions in Russia were excellent.

To-day Heilborn has been arrested because he was found to be in possession of 350,000 Finnish marks, money which he got from the Bolshevists in order to praise Russian conditions.—Exchange.

CHANCE TO BUY PLANES.

It is announced that 850 aircraft engines and 250 new aeroplanes, minus engines, are being put up for public tender this week. All particulars may be obtained from the Aircraft Disposal Department, York House, Kingsway, W.C.

Acceptance of Mr. Lloyd George's Plan to Render Foe Really Impotent.

AN ARMISTICE HITCH—FOE'S REFUSAL.

The Premier's stringent proposal to limit Germany's Army to fifteen divisions of professional soldiers, enrolled by voluntary enlistment for twelve years, has been accepted.

The draft terms of the armistice are said to be:—

- Army—Fifteen Divisions.**
- Navy—Third-class Power.** Sufficient for police purposes and defence only.
- Air—1,000 men to gather mines by means of hydroplanes for one year.**

Germany having refused to surrender her mercantile fleet without a guarantee, according to one report, of 32,000,000 tons of food and, according to another, of 2,500,000 tons of food, the armistice negotiations in regard to this matter have been broken off temporarily.

GERMANS AND THE DEMAND FOR FOOD.

Refusal to Deliver Up Mercantile Fleet.

PARIS, Friday. Mr. Lloyd George, M. Clemenceau and Colonel House held a meeting this morning which, perhaps, had more important results than any other private meeting since the opening of the Conference. The discussion on the difficulty which has arisen at Spa has been postponed until to-morrow afternoon.

Mr. Lloyd George's amended proposals on the disarmament of Germany were considered to-day and accepted.—Reuter.

An earlier Central News message said: Mr. Lloyd George is asking for various modifications designed with the object of making still more rigorous the guarantees exacted from Germany.

One of them, which is that relating to the recruiting of the 200,000 men allotted to Germany. The military experts have been leaving to Germany a certain amount of liberty as to the manner of their recruitment. Mr. Lloyd George, however, desires that recruiting shall be organised in such a manner as to make it impossible for Germany to establish, as she did in 1906, a muster-roll which would successively pass through the army the whole of her male population, and would thus give her trained reserves able to be quickly enrolled for the purpose of aggressive action.

Mr. Lloyd George, says another message, expressed himself very emphatically, declaring that the matter must be well and quickly settled. He holds that a Hun force of 200,000 is excessive.

LAND, SEA AND AIR.

Small Hun Fleet for Police and Defence Purposes.

The new armistice terms for Germany, says a Reuter message from Paris, may be summarised as follows:—

Military Terms.—Disarmament down to 200,000 men, the men to be chosen by lot for one year's service, and no class is to exceed 180,000 men. The effective enforcement of this is provided for, and eventually the League of Nations will determine whether it is to be continued.

Naval Terms.—These provide for similar disarmament. The German Fleet is to be reduced to a limit sufficient for police and defence purposes, and it will not figure among the navies of the first or second class.

Aerial Demands.—These provide for a limited number of hydroplanes, with an aerial force of 1,000 men, whose work will be to gather mines until October 1 next, when the entire establishment will end.

An important question has arisen as to whether the naval and military terms are to be temporary or more or less permanent.

A proposal to the latter effect has taken a very definite form.

This again has opened up a vista before the British and American delegates of possible commitment to the occupation of Germany and the supervision of German affairs for an indefinite period.

This matter of time limit to the terms imposed is therefore assuming a more important aspect than the terms themselves.

According to Reuter, Mr. Lloyd George has yielded again the view that for England to take part of the German capital ships would be to involve her in naval competition with the United States.

Great Britain and America are now in agreement on this question, and, as a means to harmonise their view with that of France and Italy, it is possible that some of the ships will be apportioned to the two Latin countries instead of being reserved for the British.

The Commission on Breaches of the Laws of

TRADE BAROMETER.

British trade continues to improve since the cessation of hostilities, as the following Board of Trade figures show:—

	Imports.	Exports.
February, 1919	£107,073,399	£46,914,681
January, 1919	£124,318,054	£7,345,945
February, 1918	£9,023,078	£9,059,481

The rise in imports occurred almost entirely in articles of food, drink and tobacco, which were valued at £2,955,956.

War sat for seven hours yesterday. Its report should be finished to-morrow night.

COPENHAGEN, Friday. Berlin reports that negotiations at Spa have been broken off temporarily, as the German delegates have refused to accept the Allied demands about the rightful disposal of the German merchant fleet without a guarantee that the German nation gets food.

Germany is willing to place 32,000 tonnage at the Allies' disposal, but demanded in return 32,000,000 tons of food.

It was pointed out that it was necessary at first to lower the food rations, although 900 persons every day starve to death in the country.—Exchange.

DEADLOCK AT SPA.

PARIS, Friday. The deadlock at Spa is the centre of all attention for the moment.

The Allies are not Allied and enemy, have returned to their respective countries for further instruction.

The difficulty is briefly this: In the original armistice terms, there was a clause saying the Allies proposed to feed Germany. In a later renewal of the armistice a clause was added demanding the surrender of the German merchant ships, to which the enemy agreed.

The Germans now refuse to comply with this clause, on the ground that unless the Allies make a definite promise to feed them until the next harvest they would be surrendering the only channel through which they could obtain food should the Allies choose to leave Germany unfed.

The Commissioners of all the Allies who have been in Germany appear to be agreed as to the necessity of feeding Germany immediately if Bolshevism is to be avoided, but, obviously, the Allies are unwilling to bargain with a defeated enemy as to how much food they shall send, especially as, according to certain French circles, the enemy is demanding two and a half million tons of provisions before the next harvest.

The British point of view appears to be that, while we cannot allow the Germans to elevate our original intention to feed them into a contract, they must, nevertheless, be fed, and this view is shared by our other Allies, the Americans being inclined to be more lenient than the French, who are stricter in their demands.

Later.—The discussion of the Spa difficulty has been postponed until to-morrow afternoon.—Reuter's Special.

It is understood, says the Exchange, that under the mandatory system Great Britain will receive a mandate for Mesopotamia, Palestine and Eastern German Africa. South-Western Africa will be attached by South Africa, and in the Pacific all the German islands north of the Equator will go to Japan, and those south of the line to Australia with the exception of Samoa, which would be given to New Zealand.

£7,240,000,000 DEBT.

"France's debt amounts to 181 milliards of francs (£7,240,000,000). Of the 159 milliards raised to meet this, 121 milliards had been provided by loans. Thus there is a considerable deficit. How is this to be made up?"

Thus said M. Poincaré, President of the Budget Commission, in the French Chamber yesterday.

LIQUID FIRE USED IN BERLIN BATTLE.

50,000 Troops Encircle Centre of City.

NIGHT SHELLING.

COPENHAGEN, Friday. Since yesterday evening the centre of Berlin has been the real centre of war.

In complete darkness, the city the whole night resounded from the explosions of shells and the heavy detonations from cannon.

The fights were particularly violent around the police headquarters, which were much damaged, the Spartacists making desperate attempts to take the building, which was excellently defended by the Government troops.

Flame throwers and trench weapons of all kinds were used.

Late last evening Luttwitz troops, who are said to amount to 50,000 men, entered Berlin and surrounded a great part of the centre of the city.

It is supposed that the Luttwitz troops are now masters of the situation, but now news has come through since the early morning hours.

U.S. RED CROSS IN PERIL.

Prisoners' Mission Entrenched Behind Machine Guns.

Revolters against the Government, says an Exchange Berlin message, entrenched a dozen battalions, including the Alexanderplatz and the royal castle stables and other public buildings. The Government forces were hurriedly summoned.

The Spartacists captured the head telegraph office, shooting through the Liepsigstrasse and endangering men and women of the American Red Cross.

Colonel Taylor ordered the women for safety to the Palace Hotel. The American Prisoners' Mission was entrenched at the Hotel Adlon, behind a battery of machine guns.

The radicals hail the outbreak as a signal of revolution, while the majority of the Berliners predict Bolshevism.

The battle has been the worst that Berlin has seen.—Exchange Special.

The number of dead and wounded in the recent fighting is said to be over 400.—Wireless Press.

Scheidemann Asked to Remain.—The Exchange states that the *Mittag am Zeitung* announces that Scheidemann tendered his resignation to President Ebert to enable him to have a free hand in dealing with the situation.

Ebert declined to accept the resignation, and advised Scheidemann and the Ministry to remain in power.

A dispatch from Berlin, says a Wireless Press Zurich message, states that the threatened big strikes in Great Britain are eagerly awaited by the German Government and German politicians.

SOLDIERS BACK AT WORK.

Vital figures regarding the reabsorbing of ex-service men into industry, issued last night, reveal the following:—

Demobilised up to February 21..... 1,848,000
Available for civil employment..... 919,000
Drawing out-of-work donation..... 132,000
Reabsorbed in industry..... 787,000

Thus 85 per cent. of the ex-service men have already been reabsorbed.

clians, who hope that the British Government may be so seriously embarrassed by them as to be unable to force Germany to accept the rigorous terms of peace now being elaborated in Paris.

Reuter's Law.—A Berlin telegram (says Reuter) states that the Socialisation Law which has been passed by the National Assembly at Weimar entered into force yesterday.

OUR CASPIAN FORCE.

The *Daily Mirror* learns that we have a naval force in the Caspian Sea. They were sent there from Mesopotamia some weeks ago in order to prevent the Bolshevist forces from dominating the situation.

Our forces seized certain armed steamers, and these are now manned by Russian crews, but there is a nucleus of British personnel in each, and each is commanded by British officers.

LEAVE TRAIN SMASH.

PARIS, Friday. A telegram from Amiens states that seven more dead bodies of British soldiers have been found on the scene of the railway disaster. An inquiry shows that some weeks ago in order to prevent the Bolshevist forces from dominating the situation, the coupling broke in a German one recently brought into use on the French railway.—Exchange.

COUNSEL'S SPEECH FOR DE VEUILLE

"No Evidence as to What Was Cause of Death."

REVIEW OF EVENTS.

(Continued from page 2.)

Dr. Stuart in giving evidence in the De Veulle case at Bow-street yesterday, said he found the box of opium in Miss Carleton's room after her death. He opened it once to see if any of the cachets were gone and then put the box in his pocket. He did not want anyone else to take it.

Mr. Jenkins (for De Veulle): But you had given them to Miss Billie Carleton?

Witness: No; it was a stock box of my own. I had not given the lot to her. I had left it with her.

Mr. Jenkins: For her to take. And that was giving them to her. Are you really drawing a distinction between giving and lending these cachets?

Witness explained that as chemists would not now open late at night, he left her that box from his own stock instead of her having to wait until the next morning. He got that particular box from Knightsbridge.

Witness said he did not remember Dr. Hamerton coming into the room and referring to the personal and saying, "You must be found." He was not there at the time.

Mr. Jenkins: Dr. Hamerton says you were. Witness: His memory is not quite clear on the point. He was mistaken.

"I am sorry to have to ask you this question, Dr. Stuart," said counsel, "but are you aware Miss Carleton had undergone some operation?"

"Not lately," answered witness.

But she had, a surgical nature?—Yes, she had operations for samplings.

She was a very great cigarette smoker?—Yes, very heavy. I always tried to cure her of it.

Richard Muir (for the prosecution): The operation was performed by a surgeon at Berkeley-square probably more than a year before Miss Carleton's death. She had previously had an operation for the same trouble performed by the same surgeon.

BELCHER'S EVIDENCE.

"Bought and Sold Cocaine at a Profit"—The "Thirteenth Chair."

Lionel Belcher, cinema actor, said that he never purchased any cocaine for the accused with the intention that it should be given to Miss Carleton, and as far as he knew, De Veulle never gave her any.

Mr. Jenkins: When was the last time previous to the Victory Ball that you were in possession of any drug?—November 27, the day of the ball.

Was that drug cocaine?—It was.

Were you in possession of any other drug?—A very small quantity of heroin.

I want to draw your attention to something you have sworn in this court. You said that you asked De Veulle if he had given Miss Carleton any cocaine, and he made no reply. I put it to you that he denied giving her any?—No, he made no reply.

Your first evidence before the coroner was untrue, was it not?—That's quite right.

Why did you tell the coroner what was deliberately untrue?—I had already said that was to shield De Veulle.

You still said that?—Well, I had to make up my mind in a short space of time. I did not want to get anybody into trouble. Not particularly De Veulle. I did not know whether he was to blame or not.

Mr. Hundy Jenkins: But you wanted to keep out of trouble yourself, didn't you?—Certainly. And you knew that if it came out that you were trafficking in drugs you stood a very good chance of getting into trouble, didn't you?—A certain amount of trouble, yes.

That is the real reason, is it not, why you first told the coroner what you now admit is untrue, and then told another story which you say is true?—No, it is not. My conscience is quite clear. I realised I was in a peculiar position.

The position that you wanted was to be in the witness-box instead of having a chance of being in the dock, is not that so?—No, it is not.

"BUSINESS A FAILURE."

Counsel's Questions About Woman Opium Smoker.

On how many occasions during last year had you bought cocaine?—Two or three occasions. Having bought it, you resold it?—Certainly. At a profit?—I have already admitted that. You are a married man are you not?—I am. Living apart from your wife and living with a woman yourself?—Yes.

Does she take drugs?—She has occasionally—very little.

Did you start her on that?—No.

When you were buying these drugs and selling them at a profit, was that because you were hard up? I suppose it was.

What means of livelihood had you got?—I was in "The Thirteenth Chair" at the Duke of York's Theatre, and after that I did film work.

Witness admitted that he had been set up in a hat business by a man and it was a failure.

Do you remember the lady you are living with going into a nursing home in August last?—Yes.

And when she was there did you go and live at 31, Conduit-street?—No.

Did you know a lady who lived there—a young woman?—Yes.

She takes drugs, doesn't she?—She smokes opium. You taught her?—No. You were on intimate terms with the woman I am referring to?—Yes. Immoral relations existed, did they not?—There might have been a suggestion of it. Answer me, yes or no?—Well, yes.

And when Miss Richardson came out of the nursing home you went to live with her again?—Yes, that's putting it as badly as it possibly can be put. I was living at the flat in the meantime.

In answer to Sir Richard Muir, witness said he never gave or sold cocaine personally to Miss Billie Carleton besides De Veulle. He might have sold cocaine to one or two other people, and he thought he could give names if required.

DE VEUILLE'S DEFENCE.

"No Evidence as to Cause of Death," Declares Counsel.

Mr. Jenkins submitted that the evidence regarding the alleged opium parties had nothing to do with the issue.

Further, it was not until last week that the authorities thought fit to bring against De Veulle a charge of conspiracy with a woman with a Chinese name.

"Putting all sentiment aside and dealing with this matter as a lawyer administering justice, I submit to you that there is no evidence upon which any jury could reasonably be expected to convict this man," declared Mr. Jenkins. I submit to you that you have no evidence before you as to what was the cause of death.

"You have had two medical men called before you. Dr. Hamerton's evidence simply comes to this, that there is no evidence of any poison being found in the woman's system."

"Anybody could have given Miss Carleton that cocaine on the night before the Victory Ball or on the morning of the Victory Ball," said counsel. "Dr. Stuart was there, Belcher was there. This woman got back to her flat in good health."

De Veulle went away from the Albert Hall quite early in the evening, and he was never seen in her company. She went to her flat in the company of Dr. Stuart and Belcher. Belcher is a drug taker and a trafficker in drugs.

On the evening before the Victory Ball he is in possession of a large quantity of cocaine. Miss Billie Carleton had a strenuous day before the ball. Is it conceivable that, going back to her flat, she is going to take cocaine?

What is the most reasonable thing she is going to take? She is going to take a narcotic, and it is not accurate to say in the ordinary sense of the word that cocaine is a narcotic. A narcotic is something that induces sleep, and the medical evidence here is all consistent with a narcotic having been taken.

For the purposes of argument only, let it be admitted against me that De Veulle supplied this woman with a cargo of cocaine. I submit to you that that cannot be an offence in law."

It had been clearly established on the evidence, said Mr. Jenkins, that Miss Carleton was never in the presence of De Veulle hours before she died.

What was more likely than that the cocaine was administered by herself? If that were so De Veulle could not be held guilty.

MAGISTRATE'S DECISION.

De Veulle, Asked If He Has Anything to Say, Replies "No."

The magistrate said he was not prepared to say there might not be a legal question of some difficulty as far as the illegal act was concerned.

It was a very important question, the decision of which would necessarily have far-reaching consequences, and, under these circumstances and in view of the fact that the prisoner stood committed for his trial by the coroner, and in view of the fact that there was another charge of conspiracy, he thought it was his duty to leave the question for the consideration of the Judge in the Higher Court.

"I feel it my duty," added Mr. Garrett, "to commit the prisoner for trial by the jury."

De Veulle, asked if he had anything to say, shook his head and said "No."

Mr. Jenkins said that De Veulle reserved his defence.

The magistrate said he was anxious not to give bail while the case was before him, for the simple reason that, when the application was made in the first case, it was based on a medical certificate, which he did not consider to be satisfactory.

He thought as long as the case was before him it was wise to detain the prisoner in custody, so that there should be no question of his appearance.

Sir Richard Muir said that prisoner's health had improved very considerably, because he had been medically treated.

De Veulle was then formally committed to take his trial at the Central Criminal Court, and was granted bail, Mr. Charles Aughton standing as surety in the sum of £500.

"HUNS' MOST STUPID TRICK."

"The most stupid thing the Huns ever did was to start the submarine campaign," said Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee, at a meeting of the Seamen's Hospital Society yesterday.

It failed entirely in its purpose. Men were torpedoed; they were in the water for hours, but when they reached port the first thing they did was to get ready to go to sea again."

TO THE ARMY.

WE MUST CARRY ON TILL THE GOODS ARE DELIVERED.

THE ARMIES OF OCCUPATION

WILL CONSIST OF—

Men serving under pre-war conditions of service who have not completed their term of Colour service.

Men who joined the Colours on or after 1st January, 1916.

EXCEPT

Those men who are over 37 years of age.

Those men who have more than two wound stripes.

THEIR GRADUAL REDUCTION.

If it is found that these men are more than the number required for the Armies of Occupation, some of them will be released as soon as possible in this order:—

(1) Men of 36; (2) Men of 35; (3) Men with two wound stripes, and then (4) Men of 34.

It will be possible to reduce the strength of the Armies of Occupation until, by the time our peace terms have been secured, no man who is not serving of his own free will will be left with the Colours.

VOLUNTEERING AND RE-ENLISTING.

A fit man still serving, uncertain of his position in civil life for the next few years, should volunteer now for the Armies of Occupation or re-enlist before the 15th March, 1919, while the present scheme is open.

The new scale of pay is good. Men serving who volunteer for the Armies of Occupation and are accepted receive the new extra weekly bonus.

Men who re-enlist for 2, 3 or 4 years will receive, by yearly instalments, bounties of £20, £40 and £50 respectively in addition to the new extra weekly bonus which will be drawn during service in the Armies of Occupation at Home or Abroad.

Any soldier wanting further details should ask his Commanding Officer.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

(TO-DAY'S RECIPE.)

BOILED PUDDING

(no Suet required).

This is a much needed and greatly valued recipe wherever there is a family to cater for. It uses potatoes to save flour, and "Paisley" to save suet. A light, wholesome pudding results. You can also use this pastry for meat or fruit puddings.

RECIPE.

8 oz. flour. 1 oz. "Paisley" Flour.
8 oz. grated raw Half tea-pon salt.
potato. Water to mix.

Have ready saucepan of boiling water; Well mix, dry, the flour, "Paisley" Flour, salt, and potato (grate at the last or it discolors). Knead quickly with cold water into a soft but not sticky paste. Fill in basin, tie on cloth, and boil for 2 hours. Serve with vegetables and gravy or with meat.

"Paisley" Flour

The SURE raising powder

does treble duty now—it raises flour, improves the quality, and adds to the bulk (one part "Paisley" to 6 or 8 parts as usual).

Packets 1/2 lb., 7/4 lb., & 4 lb.



ABELPH. "THE BOY." To-day, at 2 and 8. Mats, Wed and Sat, at 2.30. Every Eve, 8.30. Mats, Tue, Fri, Sat, 2.45.

APOLLO. Musical Comedy, "SOLDIER BOY." Comed, at 8.15. Mats, Tue, Fri, Sat, 2.30. Ger. 3243.

COMEDY-Evenings, at 8.15. "TALLS UP." A Musical Entertainment. Matinees, Mon, Wed, Thurs, 8.15.

COURT. Shakespearean Comedy, "TWELFTH NIGHT." Nightly, 7.45. Mats, Wed, Sat, 2.15. (Last 7 Nights).

CRITERION. "OH DON'T DOLLY." New Farce with Music. Mats, Tu, Th, Sat, 2.30.

DALY'S.—THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS. (3rd Year.) Nightly, at 8. Matinees, Tue and Sat, at 2.

DRURY LANE.—Evenings, at 7.30. Mats, Wed, Thurs, Sat, 1.30. BABES IN THE WOOD. Last Weeks.

DUKE OF YORKS.—Eve, 8. THE MAN FROM TORONTO His Story. George Fuller. Mats, Tues, Thurs, Sat, 8.30.

CARRICK—Ger. 9513. "THE PURSE STRINGERS." Evenings, at 8. Mats, Wed, Thurs and Sat, 2.30.

QUEEN.—Managers. "NURSE BENSON." Eve, at 8. Mats, Wed, Sat, at 2.15. (Last Weeks).

HAYMARKET. Mat, 2.30 and 8. UNCLE SAM. Nightly, at 8.30. American Life. Mats, Wed, Th, Sat, 2.30.

SAM. HIS MAJESTY'S. (3rd Year.) CHU CHIN CHOW. Nightly, at 7.30. Mats, Mon, Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.15.

KINGSWAY.—Ger. 4032. "A Very Evening, at 8. Mats, Wed, Sat, 2.30. OH, JOY! A New Musical Play.

LONDON PAVILION.—B. Cochran's. "AS YOU BEGS. 8.30. Mats, Wed and Sat, 2.30.

LYCEUM. "THE FEMALE HUN." Twice Daily, 2.30 and 7.30. Gerard 7617.

LYRIC. DORIS KEANE IN ROMANA. Nightly, 8. Mats, Wed, Sat, 2.15. (Last Weeks).

LYRIC. HAMMERSTEIN'S. Nightly, at 8. Mats, Sat, 2.30. ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By John Drinkwater.

MAKELVER.—Ger. 4032. "A Very Evening, at 8. Mats, Wed, Sat, 2.30. OH, JOY! A New Musical Play.

WONDER Programme, 68. to 15. Mayfair 1545.

NEW.—Nightly, 8. "THE CHINESE PUZZLE." Ethel Ryley. 1. Health, 2. Fisher, 3. White, 4. Th, Sat, 2.15.

OXFORD.—IN THE NIGHT WATCH. Eve, 8.15. Eve, 8.30. Mats, Wed and Sat, 2.30.

PLAYHOUSE.—2.30 and 8. "THE NAUGHTY WIFE." Charles Hawtrey, Gladys Cooper. Mats, M, Th, Sat, 2.30. PIERCE. "THE OFFICER'S NECESSITY." A Musical Farce. Mats, Wed, Fri, Sat, at 2.30.

OLDERS. "THE HOUSE OF PERIL." Owen Nares. To-night, at 8.

ROYAL.—At 8.15. "THE TELL." By Arnold Bennett. Mats, Thurs and Sat, 2.30. Aubrey Smith, Eva Moore.

ST. JAMES.—Gertrude Elliott in "EYES OF YOUTH." Nightly, at 8.

ST. MARTIN'S.—A CERTAIN LIVESLYNESS. Seymour. Eve, 8.15. Mats, Wed, Thurs and Sat, 2.30.

SAVOY.—Gilbert Miller presents "NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH." At 8.30, 8.15. Mats, Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.30.

SCALA.—NATHAN LANC in "THE PRINCE OF DESSA." Eve, 8. Sat, Mon, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. Ger. 1444.

SHAKESPEARE.—"THE TELL." (2nd Year.) Evenings, 8. Matinees, Wed and Sat, 2.

STRAND.—ARTHUR BOURCHIER in "SCANDAL." Evenings 8. Matinees, Wed, Thurs and Sat, 2.30.

VAUDEVILLE.—At 8.15. Nelson Keys in "BUZZ BUZZ." Revue. Margaret Barker, Mrs. Thurs and Sat, 8.50.

WYNDHAM'S.—THE LAW DIVINE. A Comedy by H. V. Esmond. Nightly, 8.15. Mats, Tues, Wed, Sat, 2.30.

ALHAMBRA.—Box 46. "The Trick of the Trade." "Bite Boys on Broadway." Violet Loraine, Gus McNaughton.

COLISEUM.—Ger. 7541. U.S. 32 and 7. "THE PRINCE OF DESSA." Eve, 8. Sat, Mon, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. Ger. 1444.

JOFFE Russian Ballet. Arthur Prince, Beatrice and Baba. 2nd Edition of "Box 46." Thurs and Sat, last day.

PALACE.—Eve, at 8. Mon, Wed and Sat, at 2. "TULLO AMERICA." Miss Jeanie M. Cheval, Billy Mercer.

PALLADIUM.—2.30. 6 and 8.45. Little Tich. Mats. Dorek, J. W. Hall, J. L. L. J. Laurier.

NEW GALLERY.—Shaggydog. "The African." At 2.35, 4.45, 9.35. "Symbol of Sacrifice." Tom Mix, etc.

PHARMACIAN.—Eve, 8.15. "The Prince of DeSSA." Scott in the Antarctic. March 8, and Daily, 2.30 and 8.15.

QUEEN'S (Small) Hall, Regent-st. Select Dances. Twice daily, 2.30 and 8. American Jazz Band.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1919.

SANE AT HEART.

SO far, the prophets of evil in this country have been confounded. They said we were to have a General Election registering "Revolution"—and consequent confusion.

That we certainly did not get. Then—this week—we were to have a Municipal Election prelude to "Bolshevism" in London.

But yesterday's municipal results show the Municipal Reform Party in with a considerable majority. They show Progressives next. They show Revolutionaries and experimentalists nowhere.

How are we to interpret this, and other phenomena of the sort?

Most safely and simply, perhaps, by suggesting that the country really is alarmed at the evidences of dislocation and ruin in other lands.

Certain disappointed extremists—froth at the top of the waves—will talk of "reaction": like that "reaction" that followed wars and convulsions more than a century ago.

Well, the man who doesn't swallow a programme always is a "reactionary"—to the programme-producer. Other people may call him careful, prudent, sane.

And we feel, certainly, that the country is sane at heart.

It demands not "revolution"—whatever that may mean—and a furious raging propaganda for any sectional interest, but full investigation, careful taking of thought, then abundant reform. The spirit of speeches at the Coal Commission proves this. The word is: "Let us rally for unity, let us keep together. Let us consider. Let us conciliate."

For the rest, the municipal election results mustn't be taken as typical, or too important.

Frankly, what the Londoner wants in municipal politics just now is "no politics."

He wants someone, of whatever bias, who will make his tram service endurable, instead of intolerable—someone who will increase traffic facilities, instead of opposing and reducing them. Promise him this reform and others like it, and he would vote for the promiser right away.

And now that he has voted for Municipal Reformers they must see that, in matters like these, performance follows promise!

GIVE US A CHANCE!

A CORRESPONDENT suggested in our letter column yesterday that women elected for the L.C.C. should do something to "make London look nicer."

Yesterday also you may have read that London's valuable statues are being put back on their pedestals, after the air-raid period.

Also you could have read innumerable usual suggestions for more statues and war memorials in London.

And the Londoner never consulted!

Now would it not be possible, before yet other districts here are devastated by avenues of stone, acres of fountains, miles of statuary, millions of large marble ladies holding comic machine guns—wouldn't it be advisable to ask Londoners for a vote about it?

Thus: "Do you or do you not want the Serpentine drained and a War Museum put in its place? Do you or do you not want another park packed with bronze horses toppling off stone parapets? Would you or would you not like to see a marble model of a giant aeroplane permanently fixed on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral?"

The sort of suggestion we get.

The sort of thing that gets done before we know it.

Let us at least know it and have a chance of voting against it first!

W. M.

"NEW HUSBANDS FOR OLD" IN THE HOME

HAS THE WAR MADE THE WIFE'S TASK EASIER?

By EDWIN PUGH

(The Well-Known Novelist.)

A FRIEND of mine, on joining up four years ago, was addressed by his sergeant as "Cook."

"I'm not a cook," said he. "I'm a clerk." "Can't help that," said the sergeant. "I've got you down as cook, and so you'll have to be a cook."

And a cook he became from that moment—and a very good cook, too, after a while, as I can personally testify—though he had never cooked before.

Other men I know, men who in the old days had never so much as made a cup of tea or laid a fire. Now they are fully qualified—thanks to their Army experience—to act as maids of all work.

Throughout the duration of the war and ever since women have been proving more and more conclusively that there are com-

bed, he has found out that, after all, there are harder tasks in life than sitting all day on a stool in an office or even working at a bench.

In future he will be more sympathetic towards his wife when she complains, at the end of a long day, that she is feeling a bit knocked up. He knows now from personal experience what it is to have that jarring pain in the back, that stiffness of the joints, that sinking feeling.

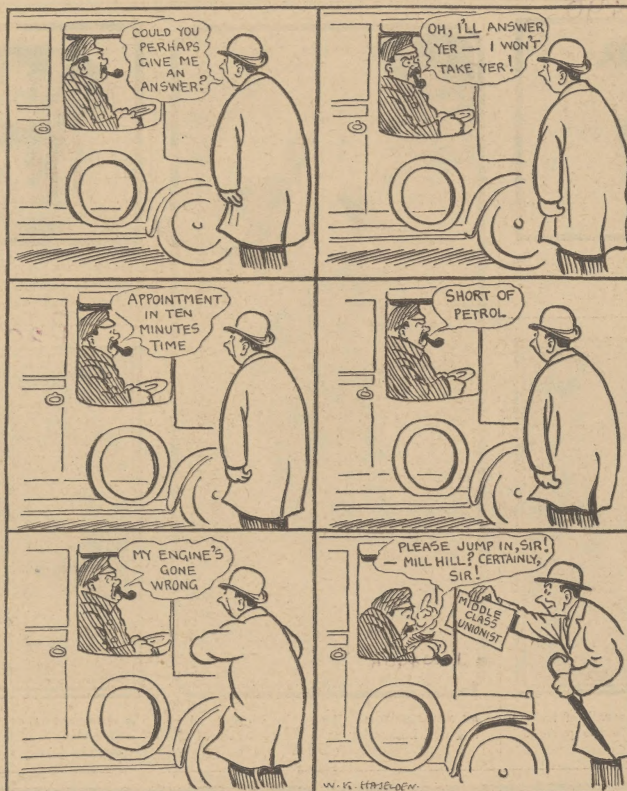
NO MORE FUSSING!

I think, if he is a decent sort, he will be very much more likely in future to lend his wife a hand than he used to be. And I don't think he will be so frightfully ashamed as he was, once upon a time, of being caught "tidying up the place a bit."

The old type of husband was inclined to be a little finicky and dictatorial. He must have his little just so. He must have his cup of tea brought up to him at eight o'clock and his hot water for shaving at ten past eight precisely.

He must have his slippers placed on that side of the fender nearest to the best arm-

WHEN THE MIDDLE CLASS MAKES ITS POWER FELT.



Possibly even the taxi-man may be a little more willing to oblige? It is at any rate one of the results promised from the foundation of a protective Middle-Class Union. (By W. K. Haselden.)

paratively few men's jobs they cannot master. And I think it will be discovered, now the war is over, that men are just as apt at women's work.

I am not in the least surprised. For I never could quite understand an old pre-war notion—shared by both sexes—that it was somehow manly to be helpless. I never could see why men who occasionally helped their wives in their household duties should be regarded by other men and women, and very often by their own wives also, as nincompoops and milksofs.

It has always seemed to me that the husband who, when his wife was ill or overworked, donned a coarse apron and cheerfully cleaned the knives or washed up the tea things, was a far better man than the lazy idler who merely looked on and grumbled.

Service in the Army has rapidly changed that man's point of view. He used to have an idea that women's work was light and easy. Now that he himself has had to scrub and scour, fetch and carry, clean his own boots, mend his own clothes and make his own

chair. When there were poached eggs he liked the crust to be cut off the toast. His bacon must always consist of "long back" rashers. His coffee and milk must be boiled up together and not served separately. To put jam on the table in lieu of marmalade at breakfast-time, or to substitute marmalade for jam at teatime, was to displease him extremely. And why (he wanted to know), when people used the hallstand, couldn't they select certain pegs and stick to them, instead of continually changing and chopping about, so that you never knew where to find your hat or umbrella?

After sleeping under canvas or in a wet trench he won't be so particular about the warming-pan, nor will he swear profanely and squirm about because there is a crumpled rose-leaf in the bed, having known what it is to be glad of a blanket on a straw bag.

Above all, he will have learned the priceless lesson that without good fellowship and mutual helpfulness no community of human souls, however great or small, can hope to live in loving harmony and happy peace.

"A MIDDLE-CLASS UNION."

FIRST AID FOR THE PROFESSIONAL AND OVER-TAXED MAN.

APPEARANCES.

HOW can we of the middle classes live as the so-called working classes do?

Your leader implies we are "snobs." We want to keep up appearances.

That is just what we don't want to do! It's the manager of the bank who likes the clerk to appear in a black coat. The clerk doesn't want to.

Suppose the clerk dressed as a "working man." How long would he stay in the bank? A BANK CLERK.

JOIN "LABOUR!"

A MIDDLE CLASS union is not wanted so badly as a middle-class "separation."

Let the patient rate-paying animal of £150 or £200 per annum (war or no war) separate himself from the "snobocracy" of profiteering small and large tradesmen, and Civil Servants and "folks with money," and join the Labour Party and get practical legislation that will help him to get more benefits at less taxation. J. B. MILLARD.

DO THEY EXIST?

NEED we have the name middle-class at all? "W. M." suggests they don't exist. Surely they ought not to! We want working classes only. And the "middle-class" people who work are working people too, and have the same interests as those who at present go by that name. KENSINGTON. NOT A SNOB.

SMALL FIXED INCOMES.

IT is indeed time something were done for those of the middle class who have only a small fixed income, and no possibility of increasing it.

I can speak from experience, and there must be hundreds of single women who are in similar circumstances.

I have been a voluntary war worker for the last four years, and do not for a moment regret it, but at the same time there has always been the continual struggle to make a tiny income reach to the ever-soaring prices of food and clothing, and there seems to be no relief, or prospect of anything better.

Rates, taxes, income-tax, to say nothing of rent, go on increasing, and it is almost an impossibility to "live" at all on a pre-war income. It is merely a struggle, which at times seems hardly worth while to prolong. BRIGHTONIAN.

FOOD AND PEACE.

AS "W. M." says, one of the first needs of peace time will be to tackle the food problem.

Food shortage is held by some to have caused the war, and it certainly underlies the present appalling death-rates and unrest almost everywhere. Surely, henceforth, few people in the world should have more than two children! B. D.

LESS ROMANCE?

AT the risk of being called a Hun by "I. T. B.," I would say that it would be a great blessing if there was a little more business and a little less romance about modern marriages.

People who have known each other for about two days get married, and imagine that love is going to pay the butcher, baker and candlestick-maker—not to mention the rent.

It is when they find that it doesn't do anything of the sort that the trouble begins. HARD FACTS.

SHORTER LETTERS.

Early Marriages.—It is quite obvious that early marriages make for morality. People who recommend late marriages altogether overlook that side of the question.—F. M. D.

Research and Influenza.—"M. D." supposes in your columns that you have only to "pay, pay" to get the "flu" mystery solved. Would you get cleverer doctors by paying for research? I don't think so.—F. H.

The Vital Budget.—No doubt the Budget will be "vital." But all who are hit by it will call it "fatal." Also. Somebody must be hit by it. The point is to suggest a means of raising the revenue mentioned by "W. M."—J. S. E.

FALLEN CITIES.

I gathered with a careless hand,
There where the waters night and day,
Are languid in the low blue hour,
A little heap of golden sand;
And, as I saw it, in my sight
Arose a vision brief and bright,
A city in a pleasant land.

I saw no mound of earth, but fair
Turrets and domes and citadels,
With murmuring of many bells;
The spires were white as the blue hour,
And men by thousands went and came,
Rapid and restless, and like flame
Blown by their passions here and there.

With careless hand I swept away
The little mound before I knew:
The visioned city vanished too,
And fell 'neath my fingers lay.
Ah God! how many a city I have seen,
Cities that are not and have been,
By silent hill and idle bay!

—GERALD GOULD.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

When you find yourself, as I dare say you sometimes do, overpowered as it were by melancholy, the best way to get rid of it is to do something kind to somebody or other.—Kebble.

GARGLE PARADE AT GRAMMAR SCHOOL: INFLUENZA PREVENTATIVE.



By permission of the local authorities, the King Edward VI. Grammar School at Lichfield is allowed to remain open during the influenza epidemic, on condition that a

gargle parade is held each morning. The boys, who regard it as great fun, are seen with heads thrown back carrying out instructions.—(Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)



PLAYS FOR COLOGNE.—Miss Cicely Hamilton, who has taken her repertory company to Cologne to play to the Army of Occupation.



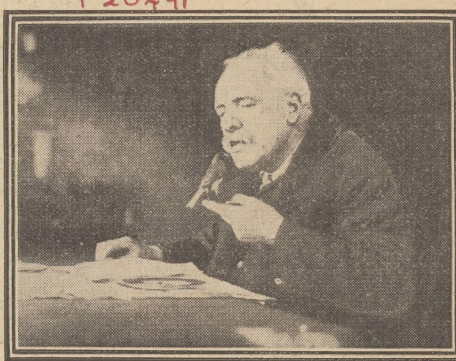
AN ALLIED HONOUR.—Capt. B. E. Taylor, Cheshire Regt., who has been awarded the Belgian Croix de Guerre for gallantry.



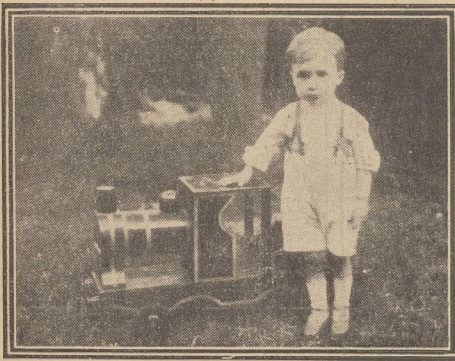
AT PALM BEACH.—Mrs. John Liggett, who is a well-known figure in the social world of New York.



MADE THE QUEEN LAUGH.—Private Jack Ellis (a twice-wounded comedian), out of a job. He made the Queen laugh heartily when she saw him in the stocks at Earl's Court.



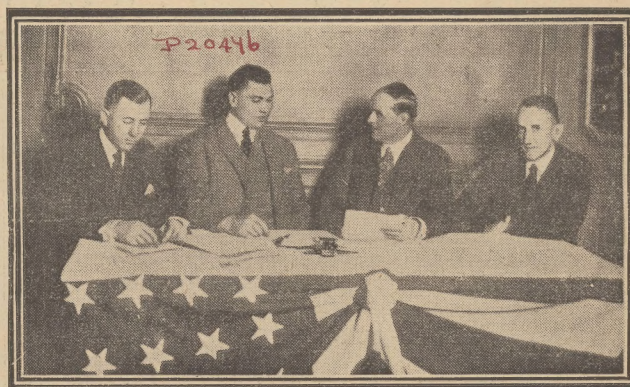
A WONDERFUL BIRD.—Mr. Jones, of Lichfield, with his canary, which sings to order, "fights the Kaiser," and helps himself from the family's plates at meals.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)



FAITHFUL TO HIS "PUFFER."—Engine Driver Farrall, of Bristol, aged two years and nine months, who, despite the present unrest, is unlikely to strike.



FUNERAL OF A CRIMEAN VETERAN.—When Sergeant Cogan was buried at Brighton his aged comrades walked four miles in order to pay their last tribute, and they are here seen at the graveside. All wore their medals.



WORLD'S HEAVY-WEIGHT BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP.—Jack Dempsey (second from left), who is to meet Willard in July, and "Tex" Rickard, the promoter of the contest, about to hand him the papers for signature. The table was draped with the Stars and Stripes.

CLUB LIFE FOR THE BACHELOR GIRLS.

THE POUNDS, SHILLINGS AND PENCE OF THE PROBLEM.

By MAY BATEMAN.

Some of the many advantages to the business woman of her club are shown by our author in this article.

"SHOULD I give up my club?" asks the average woman, facing growing expenses and anxious to save.

Every man takes his as a traditional right. It pays its way over and over again, he assures his wife emphatically.

He meets the right sort of men; pulls off business there. To belong to a "decent" club gives him a certain status.

Do not the same remarks apply to women?

Club life is no new thing now for women. But in earlier days it marked her first bold, open bid for independence. It gave her the right to entertain her friends—not always angels!—without explanation.

In those days it was a new experience to ask her husband as her guest to her club—an experience whose freshness she would not risk marring through too frequent repetition!

Her club is a necessity now for the woman who lives just outside the "three-mile radius"; who does her week's shopping in one day and must lunch somewhere.

QUESTION OF COMFORT.

Her only choice at present lies between expensive restaurants, for which she has neither zest nor a sufficiently heavy purse; or some crowded "house of business," where she may wait forty minutes without being served at all; or some cheap place of the marble table order, where, after standing for an interminable time trying to stare down those who have got what they want, she ultimately slips into a seat at a table bespattered with the debris left by earlier customers.

There remain merely unappetising things to choose from.

Where can the hungry professional woman get food, drink and rest, if not at her club?

Take the average homeless bachelor girl—journalist, actress, musician, as the case may be, who exists on surfeiture in a bed-sitting-room, wondering when she will be ejected in favour of some luckier individual who is "out all day."

In the modern landlady's view, no woman has a right to exist between the hours of 10 a.m. and 10 p.m.

Her presence during those marked hours in the room she pays no mean weekly rent for is regarded as an outrage.

I speak from experience, having lately scoured London on behalf of an elderly spinster friend with no definite occupation, but many hobbies and countless friends.

"We only let to ladies as is out all day," was the invariable answer to my plea for house room.

WHERE WE SAVE.

Reduced into terms of stern finance, this is what I estimate regular club life annually saves a woman, at the lowest computation:—

Saving of say one daily paper at 1d.	£ s. d.
Lights and firing, 2s. a week. (This is under the mark. While my flat was let lately I myself stayed at a place where I was charged 19s. 7d. for the use of a gas fire for two hours daily for five weeks and 1s. 6d. a week for the same period for "lighting.")	5 4 0
Saving on free use of writing paper, envelopes, postcards, etc., say, 9d. a week at present cost of stationery	1 19 0
Saving of tips, say 1d. a day	10 10 5
Saving of at least 3d. a meal on (say) 100 meals a year, taken at club	1 5 0
Total	£11 0 5

The bachelor girl who pays £3 3s. a year subscription—some club—cost less—may put 10s. a year into the servants' fund box, and yet effect a clear saving of £7 7s. 6d. a year. But this is not all she gains.

She, too, gets "in touch" with some kindred or useful spirits.

Her club address enables her to live in a cheaper neighbourhood than would otherwise be possible, for "nobody need know."

She can meet relations, friends, acquaintances in a way that otherwise would be impossible.

And club life saves her from the lonely hours which come upon too many lonely persons.

Club life is no luxury, but a necessity to the homeless bachelor woman. M. B.

THE FASCINATION OF FLYING FOR WOMEN

MANY GIRLS WHO WILL WANT TO BE PILOTS.

By CAPTAIN, R.A.F.

DO women want to fly? Since it was announced that a school to teach them is to be started I have been conducting diligent inquiry on the subject among a number of young and able-bodied feminine relatives and friends. Out of ten questioned three confessed they would be willing to try their hands as pilots.

Said the most enthusiastic (she is on the stage and generally plays bold young women parts):

"I should love it. A flying man whom I know tells me flying is not very much different from motoring. He says you don't feel giddy if you don't look down at the earth or up at the sky. There isn't an awful lot of sensation in it, is there?"

As a matter of fact, there is little or no sensation when you are flying level and fairly high, because there are no landmarks to flash past.

It is different when you are climbing or coming down, however. Also, you seldom, or never, feel giddy.

Of course, there is much more in flying than this plucky little actress wots of, but so long as the will to fly is there—as it is in her case—that is half the battle.

Another girl, a writer of short stories, said she "would like to fly small scout machines, but nothing big, such as Handley-Page's—I should be afraid of them getting out of control."



ITALIAN WARSHIP IN THE THAMES.—The Libia, which has arrived at the Port of London from Harwich. She was present at the surrender of the U-boats.

SOME PRACTICAL ADVANTAGES OF LENT

DOES THE QUEST OF PLEASURE ACHIEVE ITS OBJECT?

By T. MICHAEL POPE.

WE are now in the first week of Lent.

The fact appears to have escaped the observation of quite a large number of people. Even in pre-war days there had been a perceptible decline in the observance of Lent. Now the once sacred season would seem to have disappeared entirely.

"Jazz"—that malignant horror of the peace—still claims its votaries. The theatres are crowded. There is, apparently, no sensible falling-off in the number of marriages.

Fasting is enjoined by the Church, but feasting is practised by the populace.

The reason is not far to seek. The last four years were years of an acute nervous tension. That tension was snapped on the morning when the armistice was signed.

Now the average man feels that he is entitled to "a good time." And Lent means discipline; Lent means privation; Lent means anything but "a good time."

So he has decided to abolish Lent.

Personally, I regret the decision. For, even from an epicurean standpoint, there is much to be said for the Lenten discipline.

It is a truism that the pursuit of pleasure leads ultimately to satiety. Lent was a permanent reminder of that fact.

By interrupting our enjoyments it enhanced their value.

And can it be doubted that our health was all the better in consequence? We ate less, drank less, smoked less. And at the end we

"I am sure I should have enough confidence," she continued, "but I should like to be taught by someone in whom I had absolute trust. I am considered a pretty good horse-woman, which is, I understand, one of the best recommendations one can have for flying; I don't mind heights, and I can judge distances."

The only criticism here is that in small machines the ability to "stunt" is essential—in war flying, at any rate—whereas in a Handley-Page or a similar type of machine "stunting" is not encouraged.

Still, there is no valid reason why the right sort of woman should not learn to loop.

The third girl, a games mistress, would only be ready to fly in airships.

"Because," she explained, "if your engines 'conk'—that's the right word, isn't it?—you don't crash at once. And, in any case, I'd much rather fall into the sea than on to the land."

Personally, I am not so keen to do the actual piloting as I am to fly in these after-the-war commercial enterprises. I love the idea of being in London in the morning and, say, Venice the same evening. I suppose the big passenger-carrying craft will have stewardsesses, just as ocean liners do?

The majority of those who told me they do not want to fly gave as their reason that they "were sure" they "could not stand it."

For my own part I am certain women will eventually fly and act as pilots; but in war, except in very rare instances, I think the only useful capacity in which they could be employed would be ferrying work.

And that is by no means the softest possible job in war time. W. P.

HOOR GLASS CORSET DOOMED IN U.S.A.

NEW YORK FOLLOWS THE LEAD OF LONDON.

By M. E. BROOKE.

The present freedom of to-day's fashions is discussed by the author, who compares the corset of to-day with that of yesterday.

THE ladies in New York have discovered that the hour-glass silhouette makes them look older than their years. The great corseteers in London are smiling over this "bomb-shell," for they have preached against the small waist for a decade.

A celebrated corseteerie, whose collection of ancient and modern corsets is unique, sends me some interesting details regarding a freak corset that was made for a leader of fashion in 1910. Since that date the waspish waist has been slowly disappearing. The measurements of the corset are as follow:—

Depth from bust to hem, 36in.; waist, 16in.; hips, 45in.; and the bust the same; the circumference at the hem, which nearly extended to the ankles, 28in.; and the fabricating medium is white broche.

Frequently she is asked to design freak corsets. Only a few weeks ago she received an order for a pair fashioned of black satin; the waist was to be 14in. She knew the prospective wearer, so she added a gusset of elastic, so that when they were adjusted they expanded to 16in. or 17in.

FREAK CORSETS.

The members of the Royal Family for whom she makes corsets always insist that there shall be no compression.

She has decided—and what she creates the leaders of fashion wear—to introduce a soupçon of a waistline in her new models, and laughingly states that the absolute lead pencil silhouette will not long be on terms of friendship with the smart American.

A corseteerie who leaves freak corsets severely alone, but does much good propaganda work on behalf of the corset, considers that 1910 saw the last of tight lacing. Training the figure is her work. The figures of many of this year's debutantes have been guided by her, and she frankly admits that she has done the same service for their mothers.

Even when the small waist was modish she urged her clients to let the artists in dress emphasise it by draperies and other devices in which they are past masters, and not interfere with the natural lines of the body. She adds:—

"It is interesting to watch the development of a growing girl's figure. I have made a life-long study of anatomy and hygiene, and my experience has taught that awkwardness is often the result of crooks and not of the silhouette, so I always impress on my clients that although I will shape the figure, they must go to the skilled instructor of deportment to develop grace of movement."

AID TO FIGURE.

Of American birth, but presiding over a corset department in a large English outfitting department, an authority remarks:—

"I know my countrywomen well, and I really believe that I am responsible for the bombshell that they have thrown in our midst. You must not think me egotistical, but during the past few months I had chatted with many Americans in this country, and they have evidently spread my views."

"My opinion is that the small waist will never return. Englishwomen have long known that it adds years to their appearance, but, being more reticent than the Americans, they have never proclaimed the fact to the world at large."

She is very proud of the fact that her corsets aid the figure, emphasising its good points and concealing those that are not quite all. She contends that there is no natural position that a woman cannot adopt when wearing her models. She may stoop, sit, kneel or assume a recumbent attitude with ease. It is *bien entendu* that there is no compression.

The consensus of opinion of other corseteers that were engaged in conversation is that the natural waist will be maintained.

The reasons given, apart from comfort, are that women have during the war realised the advantages of the Venus silhouette, which, owing to the strenuous character of their life, needed protection. This was afforded by the modern corset, various types of which have made their debut to give protection without compression, absolute freedom of action being a *sine qua non*.

M. E. B.

T. M. P.

BRITISH SENTRIES GUARD GERMAN SHELLS.

"MY PEOPLE'S NEED."



A sentry on duty at a munition factory near Cologne. A few relics of war days still remain 9404 R



Guarding the Rhine traffic. All barges are examined. 9404 R



On guard outside an Army bank at Cologne.

British sentries, who are invariably wearing one, two or three wound stripes, will be found at all important points in and around Cologne, while notices written in English greet the eye in all sorts of places.—(Official photographs.)



912009



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912009

FASHIONS IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.—Furs predominate, and it will be noticed how women adhere to the habit of muffling up the throat (which is asking for colds) while wearing the thinnest of stockings.—(Exclusive.)



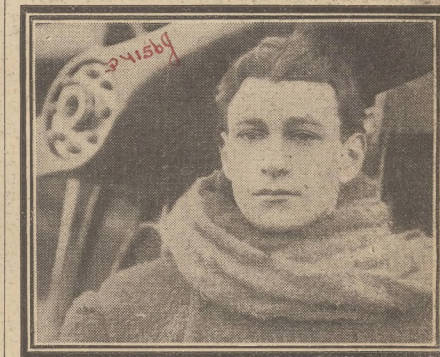
Rumania's beautiful Queen, who is coming to London after her Paris visit. She has just made a pathetic appeal on behalf of her people, whose present great need is food. The Germans, she says, stripped the country of everything.



P20490
MILITARY FUNERAL.—Men of the London Scottish acted as bearers at the funeral of Private Doris M. Luker, Q.M.A.A.C., who died of pneumonia.

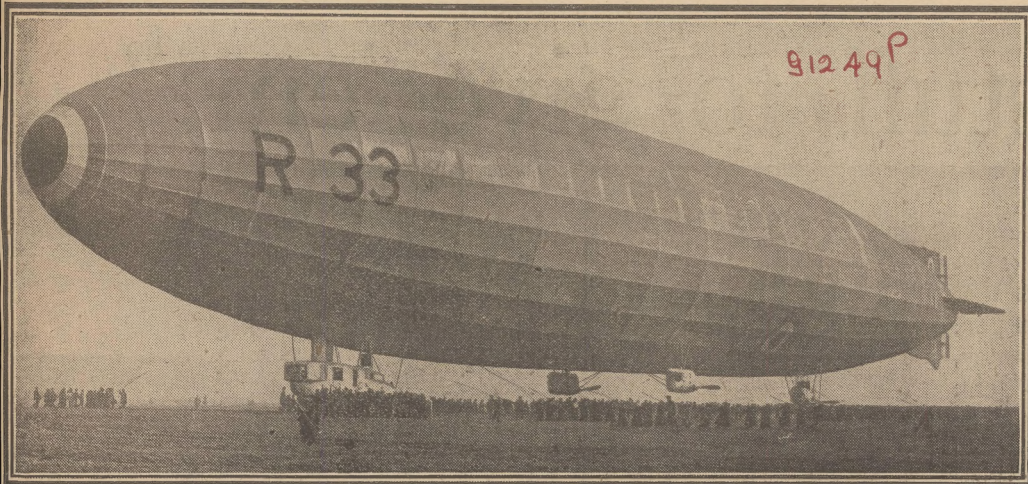


P20490
VOLUNTEER, O.C.—Captain Richard Walshe, officer commanding the 15th London Volunteer Corps, Clapham Division, who has died suddenly.

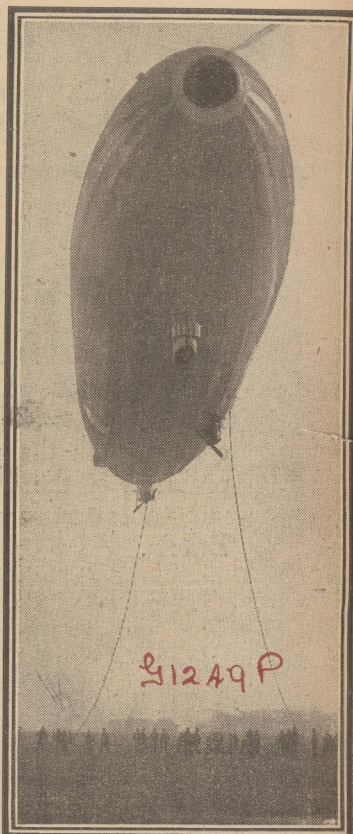


P20490
VANISHED AIRMAN.—Mr. John Lawrence Hall, who has not been heard of since he left Midland Grand Hotel, St. Pancras last May. He was well known as a pilot at Hendon Aerodrome, where he ran a flying school.

GIANT BRITISH AIRSHIP'S SUCCESSFUL TRIAL TRIP AT SELBY.



Returning to its shed after making a successful trial trip. It was three hours in the air.



Rising gracefully into the air.



ELECTION NOVELTY.—A new method of soliciting votes adopted by Mr. A. J. Constable, of Littlehampton. The code reads "Vote for me this day."



SAVED BEATTY.—Commander H. Ducane Luard, who has died. He carried to safety Commander (now Admiral) Beatty during the Boxer rebellion. The code reads "P 20490."

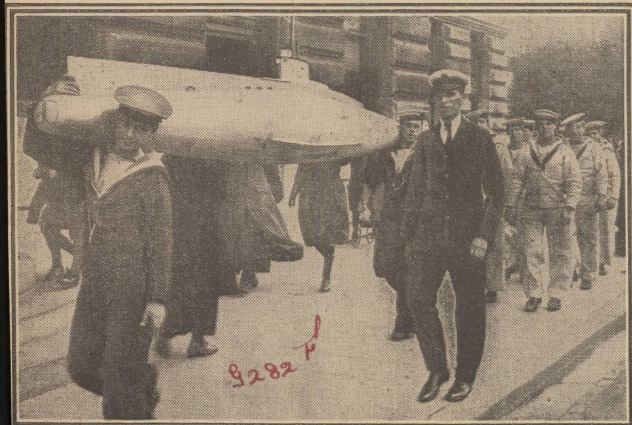


BUSINESS TRAINING.—Mr. A. J. Turner, M.A., B.Sc., just appointed Professor of Textile Technology at the College of Technology, Manchester.



Girls shepherd it from its shed.

R 33, Britain's giant airship, has made its first public appearance, and it may be taken for granted that the craft has some big order to face, and will probably fulfil one of Mr. Kipling's prophecies as a mail carrier or liner.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



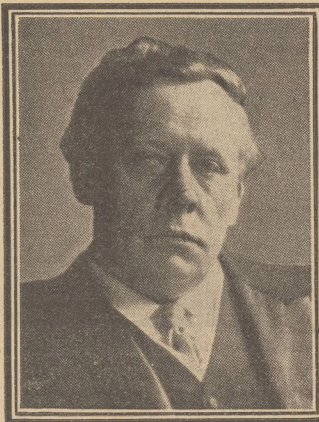
LARGEST MODEL OF SUBMARINE.—C 32 in miniature has been the means of collecting large sums for war purposes, but her work is now over, and she is being carried back to her depot at Portsmouth.



£2,000 FOR A PICKELHAUBE.—Eighty-six thousand Germans helmets, captured during the war, have been shipped to U.S.A. to aid in the Victory campaign. The purchase of a £2,000 bond entitles the buyer to one specimen.

"The stuff to give 'em!"

IN one of the most powerful articles that has come from his pen, Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P. (Editor of "John Bull") comes to close quarters with the pressing problems of the disturbed industrial situation in Great Britain.



MR. BOTTOMLEY strongly supports Mr. Lloyd George. He shows how, in his recent utterances, the Premier has indicated the only path of action that can lead to peace in the British industrial world.

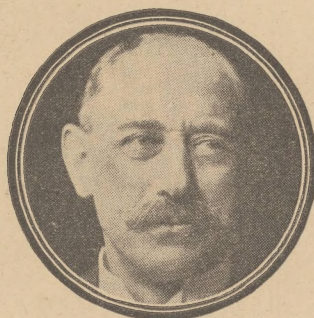
Is the League of Nations Dead?

By SYDNEY BROOKS.

A TIMELY reminder to those who are in danger of forgetting that the Victory of the Allies will be barren unless it secures a lasting world peace based upon such sanctions and guarantees as a firmly-knit League of Nations alone can provide. Mr. Brooks makes it clear that the League of Nations not only can be, but must be made a living reality.

Shall Britain Cease to be a Great Power?

By
Sir SIDNEY LOW.



"We ought to be at the very pinnacle of our political greatness . . . and yet we stand in imminent danger of enfeeblement and collapse. There is **only one way**," says Sir Sidney Low, "in which we can hold our own."

The most up-to-date news-pictures from all over the world.

In To-morrow's

SUNDAY·PICTORIAL

Do not fail to order your Copy To-day!

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Admiral Sims Entertains.

When I looked in at His Majesty's yesterday afternoon I found a crowded house roaring at the witticisms of a tall, slim, grey-bearded man in navy blue. The raconteur was Admiral Sims. He not only managed to enlist the practical sympathies of the audience—a meeting of the Seamen's Hospital Society was in progress—but entertained them vastly at the same time.

Navy Was There.

Distinguished representatives of the "silent Navy" were crowded on the stage. Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee was in the chair and close to him I noticed Admiral Sir Edmund Fremantle.

Royal Guest.

London's Rumanian colony is excited over the visit of its British Queen, who arrives in a day or two. Queen Marie of Rumania, who is, as you know, a daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, is, for her beauty and charm, a source of great pride to the beauty-loving people over whom her husband rules.

Many Accomplishments.

Queen Marie is perhaps the most versatile royal woman in Europe. Like her father, she plays the violin, and she also carves 'beautifully' in wood. She is a very good horsewoman, and has scared her attendants sometimes with her fearless riding.

Ham and Eggs.

With all these graces, the Queen does not forget to be domesticated. She is a good cook, and can fry ham and eggs "like mother fries."



Miss Kitty Lewis, one of the "beauties" in the "Yes, Uncle!" of which the 500th performance is to-night.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie, who has just sent 250 footballs to the Army in Germany from her hut fund.

them." Aboard her father's ship at Malta once she and her sister between them fried fifty eggs with their appropriate ham.

London Frenchified.

This metropolis, if all goes well, is to be Gallically gay this season. A Paris syndicate purposes to open halls for dancing and so on, thus taking advantage of the present boom in what used to be called the terpsichorean art.

Room Wanted.

Gilbert's young man who thought "suburban" hops more fun than Monday Pops," would doubtless welcome the innovation. But what many people will want to know is where these centres of frolic will be found. London is none so rich in suitable buildings not otherwise engaged.

Composer and Soldier.

I met Mr. Gerald Lane, the popular composer, the other day. He told me he was feeling a trifle depressed after a sharp attack of 'flu; also at the prospect of having to return to work after a pleasant holiday in the Army. Never mind, "It's a long Lane—"

The Mysteries of 'Flu.

I ran across a doctor yesterday who practises in a town some distance from London. He said: "The influenza puzzles me. In London you talk about fresh air as a safeguard, but down my way the 'flu is worse in the rural districts than in my town."

The Clue.

"I am bound to say," he added, "that in every rural case I have established direct contact with a person already stricken. I am sure direct infection is the almost invariable cause of fresh cases."

Welsh Jellifications.

My reference to Welsh Eisteddfods a day or so ago has moved a reader to write me that he was present at one in Cardiganshire last week, which did not end until half-past two in the morning. "It is a tame affair that finishes before twelve," he says.

"Sportsmen" on the Rhine.

I have heard from one of the very few original men of the 2nd Sportsmen's Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, which was raised by Mrs. Cunliffe Owen in 1914. He tells me that the battalion has been doing duty near Cologne since last November, and is to be brought home shortly.

A Rally for Our "Ally."

The Grand National is three weeks from us; and it is interesting to note that Ally Sloper, which "stood up" and won the race in 1915, is again being supported in the market, quite a lot of money going on Lady Nelson's horse at 8 to 1. Mr. Jack Anthony, who has already won the National twice, will ride him.

Promotion.

Old Cheltonians will join in their congratulations to Major A. K. G. White, D.S.O., on his promotion to a command. He headed the batting averages at Cheltenham and made many big scores at Aldershot.

United States Football.

Major G. R. Manning, the prospective president of the United States Football Association, was largely responsible for introducing "Soccer" into Germany. Though a doctor in the United States Army, he is a Kentish man by birth.

Hat-Box Wanted.

Yesterday I met a friend gorgeously arrayed in silk hat and concomitants. Asked the reason of these gauds, he answered: "I will let you into a secret. I am moving house; I possess no hat-box, and the only way I can carry my top hat is on my head." Verb. sap.

Are They Tile-Fish?

The Sydney, N.S.W., people wire that their trawlers are catching great quantities of fish which are nameless and unknown. One kind is said to resemble cod. Can this be the mysterious "tile-fish" which appeared in immense numbers off the Massachusetts coast and then vanished for whole decades?

Star-spangled.

Many of the so-called "American" artists on the stage are really English. I could name a dozen who, though generally looked upon as hailing from Columbia, are British born, and, having made their biggest successes in the States, come back here with all the prestige of American approval.

Miss Jones.

Such a one is Miss Mabel Jones, whom here you see. She went to America some time ago as a dancer, and made a hit. Now she will show us ungrateful Londoners what dancing is, in the new Hippodrome revue.

Miss Mabel Jones.

Now she will show us ungrateful Londoners what dancing is, in the new Hippodrome revue.

Actor-Teachers.

Mr. C. M. Lowne tells me that since the armistice the number of male students at the Academy of Dramatic Art is increasing "visibly." The council tries to move with the times; and the latest idea is for leading actors like Mr. du Maurier and Mr. H. B. Irving to look in and take a class occasionally.

A Suggestion.

It would certainly be interesting to see them doing it. Free of any charge, I hereby present to Mr. Nelson Keys or any other name the idea of an impersonation of either of these actors drilling a class of willing students.

Khaki Heroine.

Yesterday I saw a khaki-clad heroine wearing four blue chevrons, a wound stripe and the ribbon of the Military Medal! Is this a record, I wonder?

A Grim Reminder.

There is grim humour in the announcement in a Holborn shop window. It is: "Save others trouble. Make your will. The legal form with instructions. Sixpence."

Army and Navy.

Cricketers will be glad to hear that a three days' match has been arranged in July between the Army and Navy. I presume it will be played at Lord's.

THE RAMBLER.

THE CRIME WAVE.

Our Beautiful Royal Visitor—English Artists from U.S.

I HEAR that the authorities are giving serious consideration to the wave of after-war crime which, for a long time predicted by the criminologists, is now with us. The great increase in robberies with violence, burglaries and street thefts will be debated in the House of Lords ere long. Lord Malmesbury has set down a motion on the subject.

Books.

Lord Malmesbury is one of the most "bookish" and intellectual of our peers, and has a priceless library—in the original, not in the slang sense—at Heron Court, his magnificent house. His literary tastes, however, do not prevent his being a public-spirited citizen, and he sat in the London County Council for some years.

An Imperial Visit.

In the days when we used to believe that the Germans were human beings like ourselves, the Kaiser was a guest at Heron Court, which he greatly admired. A really fine English country house was the War Lord's beau ideal of a residence; but there is every chance that a very different place of abode is being prepared for him.

To Fly?

A cripple with rheumatism as he is, but with a heart as big as the traditional bullock's, Mr. Havelock Wilson is trying to get permission to fly to Paris next week. He is due at a seafarers' conference on standardising mariners' wages.

Peace Pen for the Premier.

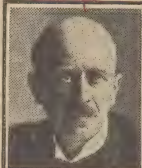
According to tradition, those who sign the Peace Treaty keep the pens they use. Meanwhile Wales is discussing the possibility of opening a penny subscription list to provide the Prime Minister with a Welsh-made pen for the historic occasion.

Taximen's Patron Saint.

For his championing of their cause in the House, Mr. Shortt is in the way of becoming the taximen's patron saint. In the car in which I was privileged to sit yesterday there was a newspaper photograph of the Home Secretary placed in a prominent position.

A Future Chancellor?

A Minister whose career is being watched with some interest is Sir L. Worthington Evans, whom here you see. He is at the moment Minister of Pensions—a post in which his head for figures is useful. Some of his friends predict that he shall at some future date have a Chancellor of the Exchequer whose name will be strangely like that of the present Pensions Minister.



Sir L. W. Evans.

Taxed Wives.

The married woman's income tax has long been a sore subject. Now I hear that Mr. Lloyd George is to be asked to receive a deputation of wives on the matter.

Back from the Land!

The Bishop of Buckingham, Dr. E. D. Shaw, has been making some wise remarks about the folly of putting town-bred soldiers on the land and expecting them to prove Heaven-born farmers. Dr. Shaw was a fine athlete in his younger days. He married a Miss Gilbey, and the war has taken a heavy toll from them, for three of their sons fell in action.

Like the Sun After a Storm

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

is once again throwing out its rays of unequalled brilliance.

WAR conditions necessitated the restricted use of some of those materials which made Cherry Blossom Boot Polish so renowned as a shine producer, leather preservative and waterproof. These materials are now being released, and Cherry Blossom Boot Polish is better than ever.

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH, The Polish of superior quality.

Tins 2d., 4d., and 7d., in Black, Brown and Tonette.

TONETTE is the dark stain polish for tan military equipment.

NOBODY'S LOVER

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

URSULA LORIMER, a young and pretty girl, who is forced to earn her own living.
JAKE RATTRAY, a man under medical sentence of death.
DORIS ST. CLAIRE, formerly engaged to Jake.

THE ENCHANTED CASTLE.

JAKE had not expected to see URSULA again that night, but when the uncomfortable dinner was ended and he followed his silent hostess back to the drawing-room, the girl was there, sitting at the piano.

She glanced up swiftly. Then they entered, and Jake saw that she had been crying.
"Got over your little tantrum, eh?" Henry March inquired, as he followed his wife into the room. "Why didn't you stay for some sweetie my dear! The pastry was excellent this evening—excellent!"

URSULA knows that, as she made it," his wife answered.
URSULA laughed. She was turning over a pile of music with nervous fingers, and, after a moment's hesitation, Jake went across to her.
"Are you going to sing to us?" he asked. He took a chair close beside her.

"Sing!" She looked up with a swift denial on her lips, but something in Jake's eyes as they met hers made her hesitate.
"How ill he looks!" was the thought that flashed through her mind, and she answered almost gently—

"Uncle Henry does not care for music."
Henry March interrupted. "Oh, don't mind me! Sing away to your heart's content. I've got some letters to write that will take me half an hour, so if you will excuse me, Captain Rattray."

Jake was only too pleased. Even Mrs. March gave a sigh of relief when the door closed upon her husband.
"She looked at Jake with a faint apology in her faded eyes."

"I am afraid my husband was rather cross at dinner-time," she said anxiously. "I hope you will forgive him. He is a man who requires a great deal of understanding."

"She did not add that she had been trying to understand him for more than twenty years and had failed."

"Please don't apologise," Jake answered in embarrassment. "It was very kind of Mr. March to invite me to dinner."

"My husband is fond of bringing people home," Mrs. March said expressionlessly. She was not at all interested in Jake; but, then, she was never interested in anyone or anything. The monotony and exactions of life seemed to have wiped her mind clean of all individuality.

"Are you going to sing, Ursula?" she asked.
"If you would like me to," the girl answered. She looked at Jake. "You said when we met at Doris St. Claire's that you were not fond of music," she reminded him, deliberately.

Jake met her eyes steadily.
"I don't think I don't like it, did I? At any rate, I enjoyed hearing you sing the other night, Miss Lorimer. The song you chose then has been haunting me ever since."

"For the first time a little spark of interest lit her eyes."

"What song was that?" she asked, though she knew quite well.

Jake coloured a little. "It began, 'What will you do, that I, a very old one.'"

"Oh, that! It's a very old one." She turned to the piano and began to play the opening chords without the music.

Mrs. March came to the piano.
"That is a very old song, Ursula," she said. "I remember your father singing it twenty years ago, when he was a young man."

URSULA took her hands from the keys and turned.

"Daddy was only a young man when he died," she said defensively.

There was something very sweet in her voice whenever she spoke of her father Jake thought, and he wished he had known this Jack Lorimer of whom Bailey and Spicer and the rest seemed to have thought so much.

"Your father was one of those men who would always have been young even if he had lived to be ninety," Mrs. March answered.

There was a little silence. "Sing, my dear," she added gently.

URSULA shrugged her shoulders, played the few chords again and began to sing.

Jake turned sideways in his chair, his arm resting along its wooden back, and watched her wistfully.

She was transformed when she sang, he thought. He wished he could know what were her thoughts as her beautiful voice filled the silent room.

There was no longer anything hard or ungracious about her. She made a perfect picture of girlish beauty as she sat there in the dimly-lit room. Henry March was very mean with light. The rapt enthusiasm of her dark eyes was a striking contrast to her pale, earnest face.

A vague jealousy of her youth and inexperience stirred in Jake's heart. At that moment he would have given a great deal for the power to wipe out the past and the wild years of his early manhood, and to find himself standing at her side, with his life lying before him, even as hers now lay.

So then went spared, I'd bless the morning in want and sorrow, and I'd let me be. But that heart of mine should another share it. I could not bear it—all that would I do . . .

The song ended on a high note, and for a moment there was silence; then Jake rose to himself with a guilty start and looked round, but Mrs. March had slipped away unobserved, and he and URSULA were alone.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

"Thank you," said Jake. "Thank you very much."

It's a pretty song," URSULA said carelessly. She glanced across to where her aunt had been sitting and smiled. "Poor aunt! She always cries when I sing; I am still wondering if it is a compliment or not."

"I should think it is a very great compliment," said Jake. "And so you are going to take up music professionally, after all, Miss Lorimer?"

"Yes." Her eyes sparkled as she looked at him. "There are good fairies in the world still, it seems, and one of them has come to me—and, hey presto!" she waved her hand excitedly. "Behold the enchanted castle."

Jake smiled rather sadly. "Is there a fairy prince, too?" he asked.

URSULA EXPLAINS.

SHE laughed scornfully. "Oh, it isn't that kind of enchanted castle," she said hurriedly.

And even if there is a fairy prince living there, I don't interest me at all."

She looked at Jake critically. "Captain Rattray, may I ask you a question?"

"A hundred if you like."

Then why did you really come here this evening? I am sure my uncle is not at all the sort of man you like."

"How do you know that?"

URSULA shrugged her shoulders. "I can't explain. Perhaps by the way you looked at him at dinner."

Jake flushed. "I could have knocked him down with pleasure for the way he spoke to you," he said hotly.

Her face reflected the warmth in his.

"Oh, that!" she said indifferently. "I suppose I was foolish to take any notice, but it nearly drives me mad when he speaks of my father as he did to-night. I loved my father—"

URSULA spoke of him so scornfully. She broke off, biting her lip.

There was a little silence, then she went on.

"However, I shall not be here much longer, so it does not matter. I don't know what I should have done if I had had to live here for ever and ever."

She looked at Jake apologetically.

"I shall we talk about something else? I don't know what you must think of us all; quarrelling in front of a stranger."

"Am I such a stranger?" Jake asked ruefully.

"We have only met three times," she reminded him.

Jake smiled reminiscently. "I know a man who met a girl, fell in love with her, proposed and got engaged to her in less than a week," he said.

URSULA's lip curled. "And regretted it ever after, I suppose," she said.

No, they were only married ten days ago, but I should imagine theirs will turn out to be one of the four marriages that are made in heaven—if there is such a place."

Cynically. "I am speaking of Spicer," he went on. "I believe you know him."

"Yes." His father knew him.

There was a little silence. A shadow had fallen over the girl's face. She had spoken truly when she said that she had adored her father. The mere mention of his name made her heart ache.

"You did not answer my question, Captain Rattray."

Jake looked at her steadily. "Do you really wish to know?"

"Naturally, or I should not have asked."

"Very well, then, as I told you before—I came here to see you."

The colour rose slowly to her face. "To see me?"

"Yes—to ask you why you are so determined to dislike me?"

URSULA looked away from him. "I don't dislike you. I don't know you well enough either to like or dislike you."

"Why did you refuse to allow Bailey to introduce me that night at Marnio's?"

For the first time her eyes fell. "You heard what I said then?" she asked.

URSULA raised her chin a dignified inch.

"Captain Rattray," she said, "I am going to be very frank with you. I dare say you will be me for it, and be terribly offended."

"I am not easy to offend," said Jake. "Please go on."

URSULA looked away from him. Her hands were tightly gripping the sides of the music-stool on which she was still sitting. It seemed an effort for her to say what she wished, then suddenly she began—

"You must know, without my telling you—that there are some people we—dislike without knowing why." She stopped.

"You mean that I am one of them?" Jake asked.

She raised her eyes suddenly.

"I don't like Mr. Spicer," she said, almost defensively. "I have hardly any friends. Aunt Milly says that some day I shall be sorry that I have so few, but somehow I don't think so. My father has a great deal of friends. Wherever he went he made what he called friends—and yet, when bad times came to him, there was no one out of them all who offered to help him. I have not forgotten that."

There was a little catch in her voice.

"I never shall forget it."

"That is not a very good reason for disliking me. If you have no other . . ."

But I have. And now she was looking at him steadily. Doris St. Claire is my friend—the night you and I had dinner with her, she told me—she told me . . . She stopped in embarrassment.

"I thought that you cared for her," she went on then with an effort. "And so, I—"

By RUBY M. AYRES

I think it is horrible, the way you have treated her since. I came home with her the night after that concert—the concert you went to. She was dreadfully unhappy then. She cried all the way home because you had promised to wait for her, and had not—yesterday I saw her again, and she told me—" She broke off, only to continue more firmly. "She told me that you had written to her, saying that you no longer cared for her, and—she said that her heart was broken."

"Go on," said Jake grimly.

URSULA had paled.

"That is all," she said. "But I think it's—rather mean—of you to come here and—"

"Try and flirt with you," Jake added deliberately. "That is what you mean, I suppose."

"You are to his feet. He was pale with anger. "You are just now that you were going to be frank with me," he said. "Very well, now it is my turn to be frank with you. Doris has seen fit to tell you her side of the story—and you shall hear mine."

A month ago she and I were engaged. A fortnight ago an uncle of mine died, and the money I expected to inherit went to my cousin—the man for whom your father mistook me, and we were introduced this afternoon. I told Doris this, and she turned me down—she said she could not be poor."

I took my dismissal, and when she found I was going back, my throat or jump into the river, she tried to whistle me back."

"I took my dismissal, and when she found I was going back, my throat or jump into the river, she tried to whistle me back."

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Everyone Should Drink Hot Water in the Morning.

Wash away all the stomach, liver, and bowel poisons before breakfast.

To feel your best day in and day out, to feel clean inside; no sour bile to coat your tongue and sicken your breath or dull your head; no constipation, bilious attacks, sick headache, colds, rheumatism or gassy, acid stomach, you must bathe or the inside like you bathe outside. This is vastly more important, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do, says a well-known physician.

To keep these poisons and toxins well flushed from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, drink before breakfast each day a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This will cleanse, purify and freshen the entire alimentary tract, before putting more food into the stomach.

Get a quarter-pound of limestone phosphate from your chemist. It is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except a sourish twinge which is not unpleasant. Drink phosphated hot water every morning to rid your system of these poisons and toxins; also to prevent their formation.

To feel like young folks feel; like you felt before your blood, nerves and muscles became saturated with an accumulation of body poisons, begin this treatment and above all, keep it up. As soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and purifying, so limestone phosphate and hot water before breakfast act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.

CLARNICO CHOCOLATE LILY CARMELS

With a steadily increasing output, increased supplies will be available before long.

WATCH the WINDOWS.

Rely On Cuticura to Clear Your Skin

Without massaging or other tedious, expensive treatments. Just smear redness, roughness or pimples with the Cuticura. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water, using Soap freely. Best applied with hands. Soap to cleanse, Ointment to treat. F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Square, London. Sold everywhere.

1,000 RUPTURE SUFFERERS

To Be Treated FREE.

Generous free treatment is offered to-day to 1,000 readers suffering from Rupture.

The medical world is astonished at the marvellous cures accomplished by this scientific medical medical method.

There is nothing to pay, nothing to owe. Just send your name and address, and by return you will receive—

1. Free "First Aid" Treatment for Rupture.

2. Free Copy of the most valuable book on Rupture published, showing exactly how it occurs and how you can cure it.

All the above will be forwarded in plain package. The Stuart Plaster-Pad Co. (Dept. DM), 68, Aldersgate-street, London, E.C.

RAILWAY STATION'S FINE RECORD.

Kennett, a Great Eastern Railway station near Newmarket, boasts of a remarkable record.

Mr. R. P. Ellis was at one time the station-master, and an excellent superintendent of the line; Mr. G. Flower was stationmaster, and afterwards became district superintendent of the Suffolk district; Mr. G. Mason was station-master at Kennett, and afterwards became

stationmaster at Ipswich; Arthur London was porter at Kennett, and four years afterwards was appointed inspector of stores at Romford.



A satin hat covered with an all-over design in straw. Trimming, varied coloured wing.



A tailored hat, the only trimming being bands of straw finished with tailored bows at the side.

NO WHITE WEAR FOR WOMEN THIS YEAR?

Laundering Charges Kill a Charming Fashion.

SPORTS GIRL SUFFERS.

The charm of the tennis ground and seaside girl in white will be lost to England this summer owing to the launderer's charges.

Only rich women can afford the inflated prices for washing and cleaning white wear.

White coats and skirts and white gowns for ordinary use died two years ago even for young girls. This year the sports girl, the office girl on the tennis ground will have to adopt winter hues.

"I have a stock of white sports clothes, but cannot use them this summer," a City girl told *The Daily Mirror*. "Apart from the washing of undergarments, my laundry bill for light or white garments would come to over 10s. a week. How can I afford that? How indeed can anyone whose income is under £500?"

The Daily Mirror confirmed this statement by inquiries at six laundries. Their average charges for white or light coloured garments were as follow, including the "war addition" of 33-5 per cent. —

1 white muslin or linen gown	8. 4.
1 blouse	4. 0.
1 petticoat, muslin	1. 4.
1 petticoat, silk	1. 10.
1 white tennis skirt	2. 8.
1 wool pull-over jumper or sports coat	2. 6.

13 8

LUCKY TO HAVE LAUNDRY!

"The charges are not the only trouble," another woman said. "Garments after being laundered nowadays seem to fall to bits in no time, making us buy them twice as often as before."

"But, after all, I am lucky to be kept on by my laundry at all. I know of one that turns away any customer whose bill comes to less than 5s. a week."

Cleaners' bills for white garments include 8s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. for a suit, 6s. 6d. upwards for a gown, 5s. for a blouse and 4s. 6d. for a jumper or sports coat.

LONDON TYPE OF BEAUTY.

Another Question To Be Decided by Our Great Contest.

An American writer once declared that no where would one meet so many pretty women as in London.

But is the London type—the beauty of which is universally acknowledged—superior to all others?

The question is one that might well puzzle the most highly-trained expert.

Some light at least upon the problem will be thrown when the result of *The Daily Mirror* £1,000 Beauty Competition for War Workers is announced.

What city, or perchance, what village, will claim the prize? Many people are asking that question to-day.

By arrangement with *The Daily Mirror* the London Guarantee and Accident Company, Limited, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. 2, has kindly undertaken to give a free accident policy to each of the four leading prize winners, who in addition to their cash prizes, will be entitled to a week's free holiday in France.

While a German prisoner of war, Brex Paul, was being conveyed by train from Doncaster yesterday he jumped out of the carriage and made good his escape.

POISON GAS FOR RATS

How a Vast Breeding Ground Was Cleared of the Plague.

"ACUTE CONGESTION OF LUNGS."

An interesting experiment in the destruction of rats by poison gas has just been tried in the neighbourhood of Reading.

In the outskirts of the town is a knacker's which has been infested with thousands of rodents, the holes being as close as the marks on the face of an unvaccinated sufferer from smallpox.

Two Clayton machines were employed for two days, each worked by one man, and consuming about twenty-five pounds of best sulphur for the eight hours' job.

The effect of the sulphur gas was to asphyxiate them, and experts who watched the operation expressed the opinion that hundreds of the rats, unable to force their way into the air, must have died in their holes.

Over 100 came out into the open and died. One picked up dead and opened for examination showed acute congestion of the lungs.

Slaughter-houses and knackeries are a great attraction to vermin, and become a breeding ground from which they send out their surplus population.

It is in such places that sulphur gas should prove effective and experiments profitable.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

New Industrial Records—Raphael Tuck's Recovery.

FROM OUR CITY EDITOR.

Markets showed several interesting features to-day, especially in Industrials. The War Loans and French issues continued dull.

Nelson Brothers further advanced to 45s., Spiers and Ponds to 23s. 9d., Welsbachs to 63s. 6d., all new records.

Other features were Van Diemens (land) 25s., Aerated Breads 3½ bid, Macconis 4½ buyers.

Raphael Tuck's rose smartly to 20s. 6d. on interim dividend 5 per cent. tax free. This is the first interim this company has paid since 1913-14. It has made a marked recovery in last two years, as for first three war years, owing to picture postcard slump, only Preference dividends were paid, and these only by withdrawals from reserve fund.

Courtaulds were better market 7½ bid. Magadi Sodas further improved to 25s. 6d. Brunner Mond's 45s. 3d. and Salt Unions 31s. 6d. weak.

Vickers also relapsed to 40s. 7½d., but the sellers were picking up Metropolitan Wagons, which closed 4½ bid.

In mines Colonials rallied to 55s. Oils were neglected. Rubbers after opening lower showed tendency to improve at the close. Laidlaw 27s. 4½d. after 27s. 3d. Java Investments 36s. 3d., Trusts 30s. 7½d., Anglo-Dutch 38s. 7½d.

WELCOME TO SINN FEIN M.P.

Wife's Fond Greeting at Kingstown to Released Prisoner.

From Our Own Correspondent.

When Mr. Laurence Ginnell, M.P., one of the released prisoners stopped off the boat at Kingstown this morning, his wife, wearing the green uniform of the Daughters of Erin, or Sinn Fein Waives, greeted him fondly.

Mr. Ginnell returned home with Mr. W. T. Cosgrove, M.P., and breakfasted with a number of Sinn Fein leaders, including the Rev. Father O'Flanagan.

People who awaited the boat train at Westland-row were not disappointed, for the prisoner called there on the journey and was warmly greeted. Demonstrations were not encouraged owing to the death of Pierce McCann, M.P., in Gloucester.



The peace-time Spring!

It brings the food that safeguards your health — Rhubarb and BIRD'S CUSTARD.

No one knows what the absence of fruit has meant in lost health. Make up for it now with Bird's Custard and Rhubarb, — Spring's most delicious dish.

These crimson sticks, full of luscious juice, when blended with creamy Bird's Custard make a grand dish for health. It was never more important to you and your family than now, when epidemics are prevalent.

Bird's

Nutritious Custard

is the food part of the dish, just as Rhubarb is the health part.

BIRD'S CUSTARD alone supplies the corrective to any excess acid in the Rhubarb. It adds a wealth of easily digested nutriment, besides making the Rhubarb acceptable to the system.

ANÆMIA or POORNESS OF BLOOD
LOSS OF COLOUR, ETC.

Cured by
FER BRAVAIS
OR
BRAVAIS-IRON

Invaluable in all cases of
GENERAL DEBILITY

Sample post free from **FER BRAVAIS**
150, rue Lafayette, Paris; write on 1st post card

PERSONAL.

SUPERFLUOUS Hair permanently removed from face with electricity: ladies only.—Miss Florence Wood, 29 Granville-gardens, Shepherd's Bush Green, W. 12.

CHIVERS Carpet Soap cleans carpets like new; sold everywhere; sample 2d. stamps.—Chivers, 23, Albany Works, Bath.

The above advertisements are charged at the rate of **Eightpence Per Word** (minimum eight words). Trade Advertisements in Personal Column, One Shilling Per Word. Name and address of sender must also be sent. Address: Advertisement Manager, "Daily Mirror," 23-25 Bouverie-street, London, E.C. 4.

MISSING SOLDIERS.

PTE. G. H. PRIDEAUX, Sig. D Coy., 14th Platoon, 15th Hants Regt. Missing at Menin, Oct. 2, 1918.—Any information Mrs. Prideaux, 71, Stafford-road, Southampton.

To returned P.O.W.s.—Rim R. Jones, 32710, 16th R.B.S., captured and wounded 21-5-17; last heard, Limbourg 30-5-17.—Inquirer, Mrs. Jones, 32, Bushberry-road, Hornorton, London.

NEWS gratefully received of Pte. H. Twichett, 201856 D Coy., 13th Royal Sussex, last seen badly wounded in shoulder, Aug. 24, 1918, on Bray and Corbie Road.—Miss Smith, 84, Fulham-road, South Kensington.

SERGT. L. H. HANSELL, 4096, C Coy., 13th Rifle Brigade, missing July 10, 1918, at Pozieres. Any news from returned prisoners or Rlm. McCorkell, Headquarters Coy. Police, Rifle Brigade, will be gratefully received by Hansell, 29, Eccleston-square, London.

RETURNED Prisoners.—Can anyone give news of Riffman Eric Hemming, B/20250, 8th Battalion, Rifle Brigade, taken a prisoner April 4, 1918; reported to have died July 6 at a Casualty Clearing Station behind the lines. His brother, R. Hemming, 15s, Mason-road, Kidderminster, would be most grateful.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

are received at the offices of "The Daily Mirror," 23-25, Bouverie-st., E.C. 4, between the hours of 10 and 6 (Saturday, 10 to 3). For full particulars of Rates and Postal Notices, 7s. 6d. per line, minimum 2 lines. **SEASIDE AND COUNTRY APARTMENTS**, 2s. 6d. per line, minimum 2 lines.

Advertisements if sent by post must be accompanied by **POSTAL ORDERS CROSSED COITS** and CO. STAMPS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) bought.—Messrs. Browning, A dental manufacturers, 63, Oxford-st., London, W. 1, the original firm, who do not advertise misleading prices; call or post and receive full value per return, or offer made; established 100 years.

DISUSED Jewellery, broken Gold, Silver Antiques, Plate, Diamonds, Watches, Teeth, ediment; cheques same day. Trial.—Stanley Pearce, 133, Gray's Inn-road, London.

URGENTLY Needed.—All kinds Ladies' Gents' cast-off clothing; cash sent immediately (any condition); Mrs. H. Walker, 8, Dorchester, Kensington, London.

WANTED, Artificial Teeth, Old Jewellery, Watches, Gold, Silver and Plated Goods (any condition); up most value or offer.—Stanley and Co., 33, Oxford-st., W. 1.

WANTED, Ladies' Gents' Cast-off Clothes, highest prices; cash or offer same day for trunks and parcels. Trial.—Pearce and Co., 133, Gray's Inn-road, London.

MARKETING BY POST.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

FISH.—Best quality sent in choice hamper, 5s. and upwards Carr. paid.—Kingston Fish Co., Pontoon, Grimsby.

PATRICK'S DAY.—Real Shamrock, 1s. 1s. 6d. 3d. boxes.—A. Gunn, 32, Talbot-st., Dublin.

GARDENING.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

SMITH'S Seed Collection, 4s. 6d.—All at or above the Standard Seed Testing. Order, 3 unit Smith's, Early Pea, 3 unit Second Early Marrow Pea, 1 unit of King of Marrow Pea, 4 unit Beans, 5s. each. Smith's Model Onion, Parsnip, Turnip, Beetroot, Radish, Cress, Carrot, one packet each of the following: Cabbage, Cauliflower, Celeriac, Broccoli, Brussels Sprouts, Lettuce, Marrow, Parsley, Cucumber, Savoy, and given gratis, packet of Smith's Waverley Seed Potatoes. Name forward photos to Lord, Ltd., R. Smith and Co., Seddington, Worcester.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

A CURE for Deafness has been discovered which is sure and certain in results; everybody's opportunity.—Full particulars of D. Clifton, 13, Broad-st. Hill, London, E.C. 4.

PHOTOS Enlarged to life size from any copy, 16 s. 2d.; price 12s. 6d.—Please forward photos to Lord, Ltd., 524, Oxford-st., Marble Arch.

THE Proved Cure for and Preventive against Influenza T and Malarial Fever, Flu-Mal, post free 5s. and 5s. from Flu-Mal Works, 44, Tachbrook-st., S.W. (Est. 4 yrs.)

ELEVEN ENTRANTS FROM ALL PARTS FOR THE BEAUTY CONTEST.



Spent three years working in the Pay-master's office.



An Ipswich entrant who was three years a bank clerk.



An entrant from Newcastle who did war work.



Working on munitions until recently, when factory closed.



A V.A.D. (British Red Cross Society). A Chesterfield entrant.



Two and a half years on overseas transport work at Newcastle.



Clerical work for the Inspector of Munition Areas.



Lately at the A.S. Registry Department, Air Board, London.



A Welshpool entrant. Four years' work on the land.



Working as a typist at A.I.F. headquarters, London.



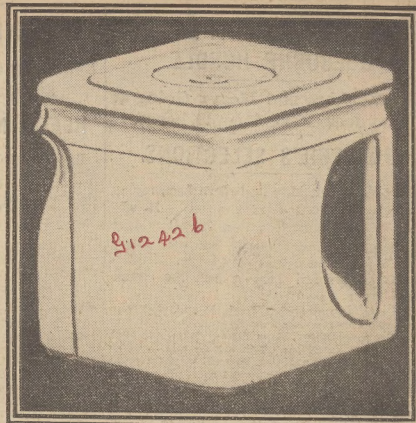
Six months on land and two years in aviation works.

Saturday, March 8, 1919.

ENGAGEMENT BROKEN.



"I love too much the English public to leave the stage," said Mlle. Delysia yesterday, in announcing that her engagement to M. Charles Cuvillier, a soldier of Verdun and the composer of "The Lilac Domino," had been absolutely broken.

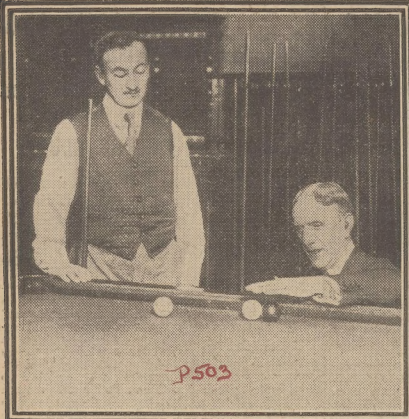


No projecting spout or handle to be broken.



"You'll have another cup, won't you?"

A square teapot with no projecting spout or handle is one of the novelties at the British Industries Fair. — (Daily Mirror photographs.)



Stevenson playing a practice match with Mr. Harry Randall at Brighton, where he is in strict training, taking long walks, wet or fine.—(Exclusive.)



Pedlar Palmer (nearest camera) goes for a tramp across country. Inset Driscoll, whom he meets at the Hoxton Baths on Monday next.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



Practising for outdoor net games. Receiving and throwing.



Running circle ball, quite an interesting game to watch.

ORGANISED GAMES.—An interesting demonstration was given by girl members of the North London Games Club, at Clerkenwell.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



NEW SCHOOL FOR MOTHERS.—Princess Maria Louise, who opened the school at Muddell-road, Battersea, with some of the mothers.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)